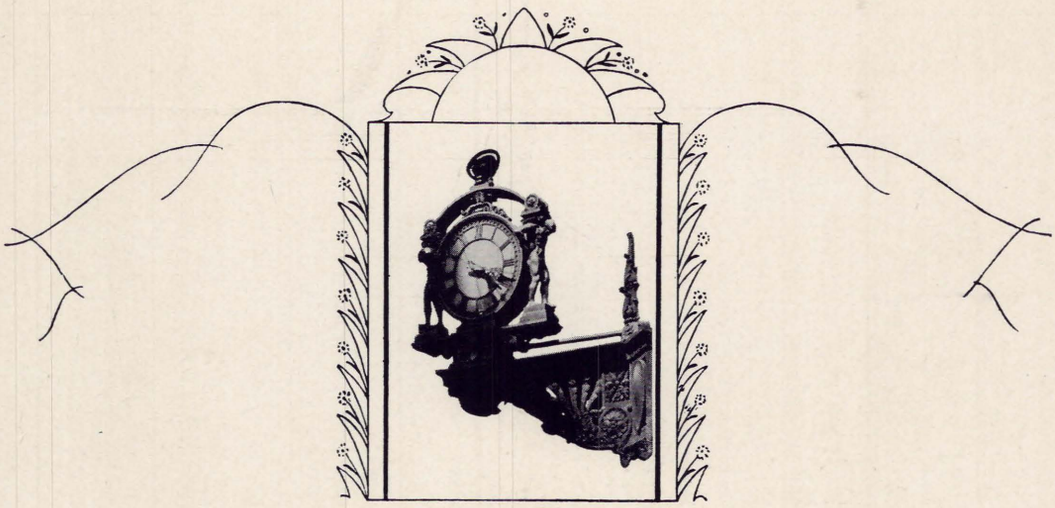
The STORAGRAM

57th Anniversary

1871 KAUFMANN'S 1928

FIFTH AVENUE PITTSBURGH, PA.

The story of this Commemorative Tablet will be found on page 21



THE STORAGRAM

Published Monthly by and for the Fellow-workers of Kaufmann's ~ Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADELAIDE C. HUNTER, *Editor*

Nine

VOLUME TEN | JUNE • JULY • 1928 | NUMBER SIX

A New Challenge

FOR the past fifty years American and European artists have made attempts to get away from the universal practice of copying old styles. The urge is upon us to find new forms of artistic expression in harmony with the new age. Everywhere we see living proof of the fact that the power of creating is upon us. We have constantly improved motor cars and airplanes, railways and television. And we see an increasing insistence that clothes should be of the proper color, line and material for the occasion. Man's habiliments, like the machinery of this highly specialized and efficient age, must meet his exacting requirements, must be in tune with the occasion.

It would be ridiculous to walk down Fifth Avenue in an antique suit of armour, be it ever so fine. That we all concede. But we have not, until recently, felt that our buildings and our furniture which were designed according to the traditions of the long dead past are just as ridiculously out of tune with our times as a suit of armour. It has been our habit to accept tradition in the matter of buildings and furniture and all the accessories that surround it in our homes. But now it seems to be the attitude of the American public to break with that habit. All over the world artists are busy designing new forms of their own invention, in harmony with the times we are living in.

Not that old art has no place in our times. We have a rich heritage in the art of past ages which we cherish—but we have a newly awakened desire to add our share to this heritage. Kaufmann's is an institution which is a melting pot for the products of all races and artisans of all times, past and present. Kaufmann's, as an institution, is alert to her responsibility to her own times, and to the development of modern applied art, so often incorrectly termed by the public, "Style." We were the first to sense this art movement in retailing and commemorated art's usefulness in industry by our International Exposition of Arts and Industries in 1926.

Much yet remains to be done that all of us may appreciate the full significance of this new movement in art and industry. And that is the glorious challenge to all of us—executives, buyers, salespeople and all who serve the public today in this institution.

Edgar J. Kaufmann

This Thing of Fashions

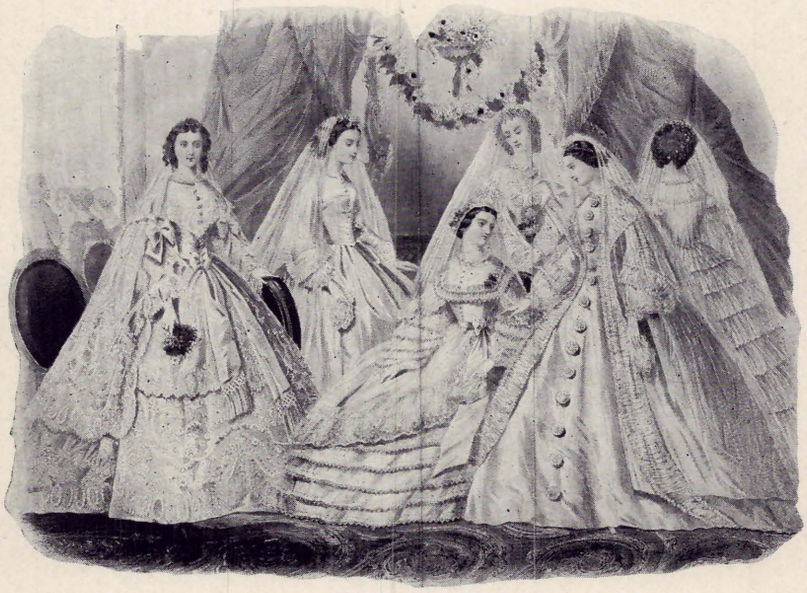
By SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH, *President of Carnegie Institute*

THE fashions of a country have sometimes remained static for centuries and then undergone rapid and innumerable changes. Men and women first wore clothes for warmth, and then for modesty, and modesty only made its appearance after clothes had been adopted. When some men rose by talent and success above their neighbors, and their wives shared their social eminence, the dignity of station changed the mode, and we began to have picturesque attire. Wealth and civilization brought more and more variety, and at last the making of clothes became an art, and those who made them began to dictate to those who bought them just what styles they should wear and how they should wear them.

And there we reach the modern department store, whose agents range over the whole world and assemble for their customers everything from every clime that can be suitably used for fabric, for ornament, for grace and beauty. They, too, dictate the styles, sometimes with poor taste, as when they made our wives and daughters wear those hideous clothes of the Nineties. Perhaps that period was due to an over-emphasis on modesty. In any event we hope its like will never return. But beauty is now the element which every wise merchant is bound to exploit—beauty in the home and its furnishings; beauty in motor cars, trains, and hotels; beauty in architecture, painting, and printing; and above all, beauty of the human form, to be accented by every art which can amplify human beauty and make it appealing. He is the autocrat of style, the director of fashion, the protagonist of mode, the guardian of beauty. Nations are his subjects, and they never revolt.

Fluctuating Fashions in Bridal Gowns

FASHIONS come and go, but that subtle thing called style is an abiding quality, an intrinsic beauty of line and design; it belongs to no one fashion or age. It is a matter of constant interest to students of costume design to note how the mode of today is seeking a closer affinity to the simple beauty of the directoire period, and the lovely freedom of mediæval garments. A glance at the pictures on this page will illustrate this fact. At the top, behold the ease and grace and appealing dignity of the woman of the 13th century. In the center picture, see the bobbing, bowing beauties of the stiff, hoop-skirt age.



Pinched waists, distorted figures—quaint, yes, but not truly beautiful. The lower picture presents the bride of our day. Her gown resembles the mediæval one in more points than it does the mode of 1860 or '70. Her long, straight bodice, unadorned, free from the furbishings of the '70's, is modeled after the mediæval gown, following the natural lines of the figure. In one respect it presents a radical departure from tradition in dress—she expresses her love of fredom in her short skirt. The traditional train becomes, for her, a trailing panel; the front of her skirt—even her bridal skirt—is short. This is the fashion of our day, and we believe future ages will see in it a beauty that is style.

1er Juin 1860 Moine Imp. r. St Louis en l'Ile, 90. Paris 28e année

JOURNAL DES JEUNES PERSONNES

Toilettes de Printemps de Mme Goujou

Bureaux de l'Administration. 2. rue St Dominique St Gin

Un an 10 f PARIS Dep.ts 12 f

In the Good Old Days

News Notes from Pittsburgh Papers, June, 1871

Neck-Tie Sociables

"The latest evening entertainment is called 'Neck-Tie Sociable.' Every lady, on presenting herself at the door of the house where the sociable is held, is required to give the porter (or hostess) an envelope containing a necktie, made of the same material as the dress she is wearing—the tie to be made any shape and trimmed in any style she chooses. Every gentleman pays 15c at the door and receives a check for a neck-tie, and afterwards the neck-ties are distributed to check holders. After receiving his neck-tie, each gentleman commences a search for the lady whose dress matches his tie. When he finds his lady, he shows his gratitude by treating her to oysters, cake, peaches, etc." *Jan., 1871*

Venturesome Young Ladies

"The fourteen young American ladies who, accompanied by competent guardians, are making a tour of the world, were last heard from in Egypt, en route still further east. It is said that the Emperor of Brazil, when they were in that country, met these extremely venturesome young ladies and received them graciously." *June, 1872*

Stratagem and Cupid and a Justice of the Peace

A few evenings ago, as Justice of the Peace Evans was leaving his office, he was confronted by two charming young ladies, who requested a private interview. Conducting them into his office, the bland magistrate inquired in what way he could be of service to them. "You are a justice of the peace, are you not?" the eldest inquired. "Yes," he said. "And can marry people—that is, can marry a lady?" she faltered. "Well, yes, if the lady brings a bridegroom along with her," rejoined the trembling magistrate, fearing lest his own liberty was involved. "I'm not a marrying man, myself," he proceeded, but was interrupted. "Oh, that's not what I meant," said the damsel, and turning to her companion, she called, "I reckon you can take those togs off now, Willie." No sooner said than done. The young lady's companion commenced to strip off her dress with a haste that promised speedy nudity. Inexpressibly shocked (for the judge is a very modest man) he turned to escape from the room, when a second glance (which he could not restrain) revealed to him the fact that the young lady in process of stripping off her female gear was not a girl but a strapping boy, who had made use of the disguise to get his dulcina before the magistrate. Of course, the situation was explained and without more ado the judge proceeded to join them in holy bonds.

PITTSBURGH GAZETTE, *June 2, 1872*

Advertised Amusements

PITTSBURGH GAZETTE, *June 1, 1871*

OPERA HOUSE—Mlle. Marie Ravel takes a farewell benefit. A good bill consisting of two pieces, in both of which the beneficiare will appear.

TRIMBLE VARIETIES — Another big bill with the Japanese as the main attraction.

PROFESSOR CROMWELL — Subject of his views and lecture—London. An uplifting and educational programme.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL — At the North Avenue M. E. Church.

Storagram Readers, of 1928, Please Note—

The above list of amusements comprised the sum total of public amusements offered to the people of Pittsburgh in June, 1871—absolutely all. Compare with this meager list, the "amusement columns" of our daily papers today. Could any more striking picture of the difference between life today and then be offered? How simple and quiet was life just a little more than a half century ago; how hurried, rapid and complex today! A thousand-and-one things compete for our interest and attention, in our leisure time today. The contrast here presented makes one realize acutely what is meant by the oft repeated comment that life is rapid today!

Dangers of Carriage Travel

In carriage traveling particular care should be taken that no current of wind pass upon you from the window, whilst the feet ought to be kept dry and warm, and the ears well protected. It is also of the utmost importance to observe, in going into a strange bed, that no current or draught of air play upon any part of it, as this is just as injurious as dampness. Both together will in all likelihood insure the traveler either a bad cold or an attack of rheumatism or gout.

GODEY'S LADIES BOOK, *1861*

Store Hours in 1871

"The Saleswomen's Early Closing Association has for its main object the diminution of hours of labor exacted by proprietors of stores for their female clerks. In many establishments, attendance has been required from 8 in the morning until 9 or 10 at night and on Saturday nights, the shops are sometimes open until midnight. The movers of the proposed reform desire that shops be closed at 7 o'clock, excepting Saturdays, when it seems expedient to extend the time to 10 o'clock."

HARPERS BAZAR, *Aug. 1871*

News Jottings

From PITTSBURGH GAZETTE, *June, 1871*

"A hirdy-girdy snake show is in full blast on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street."

* *

One of the animals in a drove of cattle, passing up Fifth Avenue yesterday, charged upon a buggy, upset it and then placidly resumed the even tenor of its way. The occupants of the vehicle were considerably frightened but no one was hurt.

* *

A plan is now under consideration to bring water from some of the springs on Observatory Hill to supply a drinking fountain in the Park.

* *

The new board walk beside the Pan Handle R. R. from Union Station to Washington St. is being laid with heavy new plank.

And Here Are the Sheiks of Other Years

YES, gentle reader, the men have been as amusingly tricked out by fashion, as fickle in their sartorical fancies, as voluminously garbed and manteled as the ladies were in the good old days. It happens that men have so nearly standardized their apparel, they have for so long enjoyed freedom from outlandish dictates of queer fashion, that they are prone to forget that it was not ever thus. For their humility, amusement, edification—or however they may care to take it—we present these pictures.

Here are two pictures, made from original fashion plates. Above is presented a sportsman, a fine gentleman, a veritable dandy, of 1826. From his smug countenance it is plainly to be seen that he is conscious of being attired in the latest mode and that the effect is bound to be the immediate conquest of all the ladies of his fashionable world.

The gentleman to the right, reproducing a French fashion plate, shows the complete dandy of 1870. From his elegant "mutton chop" side whiskers, to his tight-fitting, loudly striped trousers, this gentleman is every inch a mirror of fashion. We admire not only his elegant apparel, but his lordly air, his attitude of grandeur. Truly, the fashionable gentlemen of that bygone age were able to register a consciousness of elegance that it is not given the men to express in these more sober times!

Baseball Changes Its Manners

By HAVEY J. BOYLE, *of the Sun-Telegraph*

PROFESSIONAL baseball in its boyhood was a harem-scarem street urchin with no parentage to speak of. It was a little rowdy, noisy, boisterous. Before it was out of short trousers, so to say, it was chewing tobacco and was not particularly tidy about the secondary operation, coincident with chewing. The professional baseball child played ball in the daytime and frolicked of nights.

From such a boyhood it grew gradually into manhood and took on manners, thrust upon it by stern governmental fathers of the sport, who realized that the little ruffian never would appeal to the great mass of conventional citizenry unless it took off its dirty sweater, applied soap and water, and donned a clean shirt.

Champions of 1866

The early days of baseball were not dissimilar from the early days of its brother sport, boxing. Fist fights on the field of play were the order rather than the exception and the language of the players was not precisely that of a man of the cloth.

Gradually, this was eliminated by the powers of the game, who, by suspensions and fines, made the naughty boys of the diamond realm realize that to bear an outward semblance of order, at least, was the best policy. The public, noting the improvement, took up the game in a frenzied way and as the crowds multiplied decorum on the field increased. The improvement has increased to such an extent that now the orderliness of the diamond causes some of the old boys of the sport to charge the game has declined into a softness not becoming its innate vigor and dash.

So much for the change in manners.

In appearance, the game has also undergone a great metamorphosis. There was a time in baseball when the player who came onto the field with a smooth face would have been howled off the premises as a freak. In the nineties and earlier there was almost as much rivalry in such matters as curls, mustachios, and side-whiskers, as there was in basehits and strike-outs and the like. Whether subtle propaganda of the barber's union was responsible for the decay and decline of the hairy trimmings that marked the early ball player, I cannot say. More likely, the ball players dispensed with their whiskers under the same impetus that their brother-citizens dispensed with them—namely, that strange thing known as style.

Where once upon a time no infield was complete without four distinctive sets of whiskers, variously ornamented and trimmed, no infield today would look natural if there was a vestige of a whisker in sight. A few years ago, an intrepid soul on the payroll of the Philadelphia Nationals ventured forth with a mustachio, but the barrage of satire and sarcasm that struck his ears, caused him to retreat hastily to a barber's shop to make amends.

But the records and albums of the game are replete with mustachios and side-burns which possibly lost many a game when the ball inadverently got lost in the mattress on the ball player's facade.

* * *

The third greatest change in baseball occurred in the department of transportation. There was a time in the history of the sport when the boys crawled helter-skelter into and atop of a horse-drawn bus. In Pittsburgh, for instance, your grandfather can recall how the boys walked from the lobby of the Monongahela House, climbed into the bus, and traveled to the baseball grounds in old Allegheny. On a day when the visiting team outraged the feelings of the home folks by being so uncouth as to defeat the locals, the citizens stationed themselves along the route traveled by the bus and pelted the enemy with over-ripe fruit, cobblestones, horseshoes, and other subtle artifices by which displeasure can be forcibly expressed.

Now the players leave the hotels for the parks in groups of two or three—in civilian clothes—and but for the fact that they are in street cars would pass off as well-dressed and indolent bond salesmen.

Now and then in the course of a game one observes a throw-back to the dark ages of the game, when a fist fight enlivens the proceedings, but in the main, refinement has set in.

Thus has baseball come out of the days of vagabondage to an high estate. The one-time urchin is now wearing a silk topper, so to speak.

Musique D'Autre Fois

By HARVEY GAUL

THE classic of the last century becomes the museum piece of today, the dance tune of our grandfathers becomes the motif for a Broadway review. There is no such thing as permanency in music and perhaps it is just as well.

Fifty years ago the cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny were weeping with good whiskey and "My Old Kentucky Home;" twenty-five years ago the village was lachrymose with "The Bird in the Gilded Cage" and some excellent bourbon made in Large and Freeport.

The weeps have gone out of music. Prohibition didn't dry our eyes and the Volstead act didn't snuff a single snuffle, but style did, and change did, and any one who sheds a tear today does it without the aid of music. Imagine having a good cry while a saxophone was bleating "Shake That Thing!" The only way you could would be in anguish.

In looking over a volume of old home music published sixty years ago, we were entranced at the themes and thoughts our sweet grand-ma-ma's sang; they were so decorous, so dignified, so sterile and so boresome; and yet these old tunes meant much to them in the business of self-expression and relief. Perhaps there was more self-restraint in those days; perhaps there was no elasticity of temperament but they paid a terrible price for those qualities, as they sang the dullest, thinest tunes this world has known.

In salon and ball room music (where is there a ball room in these cabaret, night club days?) they stepped to such gingerly tunes as "La Plus Coquette Polka" (with accompanying cover depicting an anatomical monstrosity, high breasted, wasp-waisted, be-bustled, and countless miles of swirling hoop-skirts) and sets of boudoir waltzes. These waltzes carried the imposing and elegant titles of "La Margarita," "The Rosalba," and an extreme of deviltry, "The Castanet."

When one wearied of being standoffish around a defensive hoop-skirt, one danced such intimate dances as the quadrille, "Le Galop," "La Contra-danse," "La Montagnarde" and "La Polonaise." In this volume we observed that "the pupils of Mr. Anderson's Female Academy at New Albany, Ind." had many a riotous set-to with "The Escamba Waltz," severely pantalleted and voluminously covered. If Mr. Anderson's academy is still running, we'll bet a bobby-pin to a $5 lip-stick that the granddaughters of those "females" are bumping a mean "Black Bottom" and doing a "University Drag" that would have brought the patrol wagon twenty years ago. Then we come to "The Canary Bird Waltz" inscribed to "the ladies of the Louisville Polka & Mazurka Club," and we notice that the waltz carries the instructions, "not too fast" and "with delicacy," and somehow those directions precisely describe the ladies of Louisville and their ogres of polka and mazurka of sixty years ago.

"Il Penseroso" (too much Milton and Dante in this) proves to be a "valse sentimentale" written by our old fellow-townsman, Henry Kleber. A dash of spice, myrrh, aloes, and cassia was added to the volume by the "Abd-el Kader Quick Step" composed by J. C. Viereck. The title was all right but you should see the music. It is as Mohammedan as Beltzhoover, written in the key of B flat and is as stagnant a piece of Near-East Orientalism as was ever turned out in Pittsburgh. The town ran to many things in those good old days, but the Berber was not in it and a deal of Arabian fire was denied Grant's Hill.

A half century back Allegheny County was the well spring of the Negro music industry. You could turn on the faucets here and produce any kind of plantation sob; some of them were good and some of them were as sobby as a Carolina field hand's funeral. In this book we found "Miss Lucy Neale," a favorite "Ethiopian Song," as it was called in those days. Below is appended one of the verses; there are nine, but one is enough. Read 'em and weep.

Miss Lucy she was taken sick,
She eat too much corn meal,
The Doctor he did gib her up,
Alas, poor Lucy Neale.

For nine full verses did we follow the career and heart-throbs of the Ethiopean Lucy, only to find that the reason for her being was so the inspired composer could rhyme Neale, with meal, feel, keel, steal, and heel, leaving spiel and congeal to say nothing of beel, for us to enjoy.

Over a page and we find "The Congo Melodists" doing their fell work with a ditty, entitled "Philisee Charcoal." This classic which seemed to titivate our grandpappies immeasurably, ran thusly:

Beneaf dis shady Possum tree
Sweet I'll tell my lub;
When fuss I spied dat melting glance
At de washing tub.
Oh, how dis heart against dese ribs
Did beat with joy and bliss,
Thy lily (sic.) arms around me fling
When I did steal dat kiss.

CHORUS

Oh, come to me my own true lub,
Come sweet Phillisee.
De old folks bof are sound asleep
Snoring merrily.

But enough; time brings its mutations and thank God for that. What our grandfathers sang may have pleased them but the songs were pretty terrible. No matter what we think of the puerility of this jazzy age in which we live, at least there is a quality of snap and vitality, a zest and a joy of living that was denied the music of our grandfathers. The blasting cacophony of contemporary music may deafen us but it doesn't numb us.

Another moon may come and Apollo, the chameleon, may shift his whistle, but while we are dancing and singing today we know we are alive and of the earth earthy, which is something not to forget.

2343

LE FOLLET

Boulevart St Martin. 69.

Robés de Camille; Coiffures et Garnitures de robes de Chagot aîné r. Richelieu, 73; Corsets Bouvalet, Boul. de Strasbourg, 5;
Tupes cages Milliet Fouqueteau, r. de Mulhouse, 13; Dentelles de Violard r. de Choiseul, 3;
Gants et Passementeries de Prosper Loseno r. de la Ch.te d'Anton, 5; Machine à coudre americaine Goodwin Fb Montmartre, 6
Ministers and Son, 8 Argyll Place Regent Street Londres

Fashions in Education

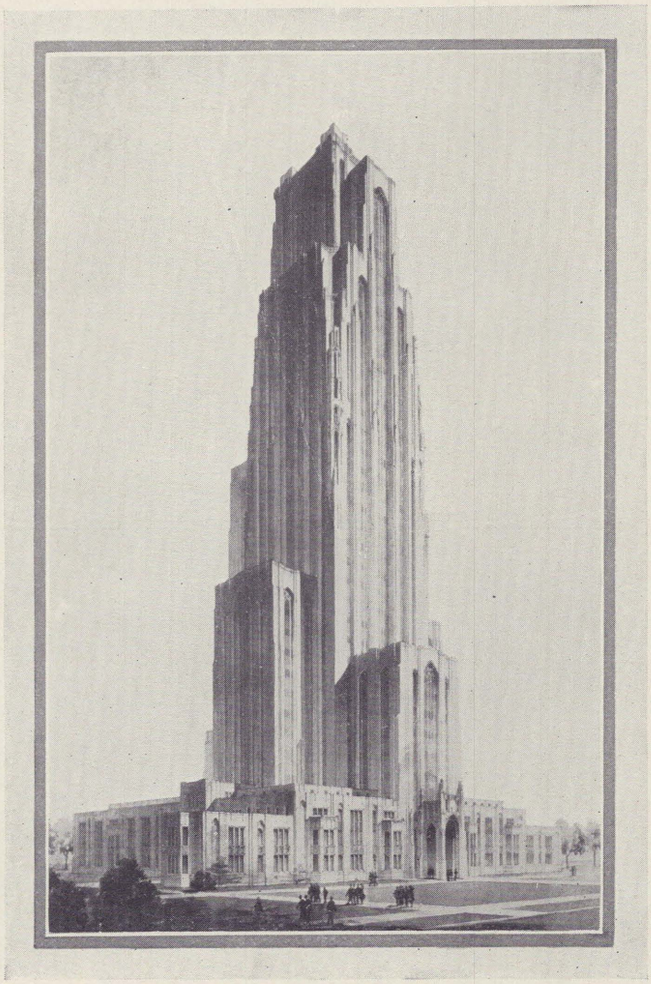
By JOHN GABBERT BOWMAN, *Chancellor, University of Pittsburgh*

WE are not apt to think of changes in education as changes in style or fashion. Yet, perhaps, such an idea is not far wrong. Interests and ways of doing and ways of thinking come and go in education. The attitudes of teachers toward their work and the subjects taught in schools and colleges—these are fluid too, just as our ideas are about politics, or our notions about turnips as food.

Back in the days when women wore hoop skirts, a vast number of teachers looked upon themselves as "middlemen in information." They were supposed to know everything and, having arrived at this high level, they tried to pour each year a considerable quantity of what they knew into their students. Then the students passed on "into life" and the teachers poured again the same quantity of education into a fresh supply of students. A relatively small number of teachers, then, felt stirred to know more, or to struggle to the far edges of their subjects. Well, gradually since those uneventful days in education, the style, if I may call it that, has changed. The teacher now, more thoroughly trained than before, is humble in his claim to scholarship. He may have climbed high, but he realizes that vast tracts of the unknown lie before him and instead of a leisurely existence, he organizes his time in an eagerness to travel at least a little way alone into the undiscovered realm of his chosen subject. It is not the fashion "to know it all." And, further, he places much less emphasis on "learning facts" today; rather he tries to stir his students to think, let us say about the facts of history, and relate these facts to present-day life. The fashion today is to lead, not drive; to inspire, not scold.

Again, subjects for study come and go. Early in the last century chemistry and physics, or the natural sciences, were looked upon with suspicion as fit for college study. Such subjects "lacked culture." Greek and Latin, on the other hand, seemed to have a surplus of desirable culture in them. Well, that old debate is largely gone. Culture and creative life seem to approach now close to the same mark. Logic, once a major subject in colleges, appears now only at far intervals here and there. Psychology, and most of the courses in economics and sociology are relatively new.

Progress means change. Eternal things are not material. They are such as the hope of men to grow and to be better. We struggle on, seeking an ultimate good; looking for truth and looking for honor, courage, and beauty. Our fashions in this struggle may change; they ought to change; but the ultimate aim seems as little touched by style as the light of the stars.



The Cathedral of Learning

Changing Fashions in the Theatre

By ELMER KENYON, *President of Pittsburgh Centre of the Drama League of America*

GREEK STYLE—Played now mainly in schools and colleges with the shrewd idea of giving them an arty, cultural tone. Instead of dealing with amorous heroines who wear green hats or lounge in black and tan cabarets in Harlem, this type dallies with nothing less than kings, queens, and supermen who have talked back to the gods and for punishment writhe and writhe in agonizing talk for five acts. Nothing ever is permitted to happen on the stage; indeed, when the Greek dramatist feels a happening coming on, he delivers it off-stage and sends in a Messenger to narrate it in language as high-flown as those dirigibles at McKeesport on Memorial Day. To this form, Florence Ziegfeld owes the idea of his Chorus of the Glorified American Girl around which he builds all his anatomical clinics. The Greek play always has a Chorus. *The Trojan Women* was probably advertised, "Glorifying the Athenian Grandame," for the queer audience of fifty thousand which sat on the stone benches in a Greek amphitheatre somehow did not insist on youth. The dialogue was keyed to a gamut of miseries, running in this wise, for example in *Antigone:* "Ah me! woe is everywhere! But it behooves us to reflect, in the first place, that we are by nature women and so not able to contend against men." Two ideas here: the characters "reflect" as did that remarkable audience which patiently listened to reflection for hours on end; and women are considered inferior to men. In both these respects, fashions have somewhat changed.

SHAKESPEREAN STYLE—Played for over three hundred years, but lately considered high-brow flapdoodle. From Grant's administration down to Cleveland's, about fifty great actors strutted in all the major Shakespearean tragedies, but since the little Red School House began its merciless dissection of the classics, Shakespeare has almost disappeared from the stage. Some say that the two facts have no connection. These plays, like the foregoing type, have small traffic with such people as ourselves. Hamlet is a prince, Lear and Richard are kings, Macbeth and Othello are generals, and Romeo, Juliet, and Cleopatra are blue-bloods. "All the world's a stage," said Shakespeare; and he proceeded to put the whole world on his stage. *Antony and Cleopatra* covers as much ground as did Lindbergh and distracts even the extravagant modern manager by calling for over thirty scenes. Some of the characters are suspect as mentally unbalanced because they talk to themselves in soliloquies; and the way these are recited in schools proves that there is wrong somewhere. Some of the dialogue strikes many reasonable folk as being quite batty, as for instance "Wherefore art thou Romeo?" a question which naturally stumps that rash young man as it does us. "The dram of eale doth all the substance of a doubt to his own scandal" is a string of words that has driven some scholars mad. It is thought that playing Shakespeare in Kuppenheimers and knee-length frocks is a modern idea; but he was played in the dress of the day not only when the author-actor-manager did his own producing at the Globe Theatre, but when Garrick, manhandling the plays in the eighteenth century, dressed Macbeth in the flaming red uniform presented to the actor by a general of the day. The Ford, radio, telephone, Lucky Strikes, Tabloid photographers, and Coty items used in the Basil Sidney-Mary Ellis *Taming of the Shrew* was not quite in tradition.

IBSEN STYLE—At last, the bourgeoisie has its innings, and hence with this type, heroics went out of fashion, except when Ibsen found himself in a blind alley and sent the Master Builder up a church steeple to fall off and Rebecca West to jump into a mill race and Nora to slam the door on her children and her lesser half. Like the Greek drama, this form will have nothing to do with Coueism: things must go from bad to worse day by day. All the characters are ingrown with worry about the past and some of their pasts are pretty terrible. Their idea of a dramatic evening in a playhouse is to get together in the same room for five acts and wrestle with one another's souls until they are turned inside out and outside in. Sometimes, it is advocated that a wife should tell her husband absolutely everything and sometimes that she should not tell him anything that isn't good for him. Sometimes, the grown-up women are so dumb that they are dumbfounded to learn that forgery is not the thing to do; but generally the women have it all over the men, as when Nora, without any training whatsoever argues her husband into silence. On second thought, this feat does not seem uncommon. Ibsen, like H. L. Mencken, held the monstrous doctrine that the masses are boobs and are generally wrong about everything.

MELODRAMATIC STYLE — This kind bobs up in every generation, refurbished to suit changing tastes. The villains once were slick scoundrels who got hold of a will to deprive some innocent orphan of the millions left to her by a convenient uncle, but they were always trapped in the end by a handsome hero with a name like Reginald Darcy and a spotlessness of character that would put a freshly laundered collar to shame. Today, if *Broadway* be a criterion, the villain must be a super-bootlegger who gives bracelets to a girl from Akron, Ohio, without her suspecting why, because she has just begun to dance in a Broadway cabaret and has not got wise to the evils of the big city. The hero must be something of a conceited ass and not too bright, but still have a way with him. In the end, a strangely forlorn girl, who has been moping around with a boudoir pistol in her hand, must shoot the villain like the dirty dog he is and the detective must say, "I ain't seen nothin'." Then, the hero claims the heroine, who by this time is educated, and they fade away in the joy of a contract to dance in the two-a-day. Some of

(Continued on Page 21)

Changing Trends in Home Furnishing Fashions

By Professor Vincent P. Sollom, *of Carnegie Institute of Technology*

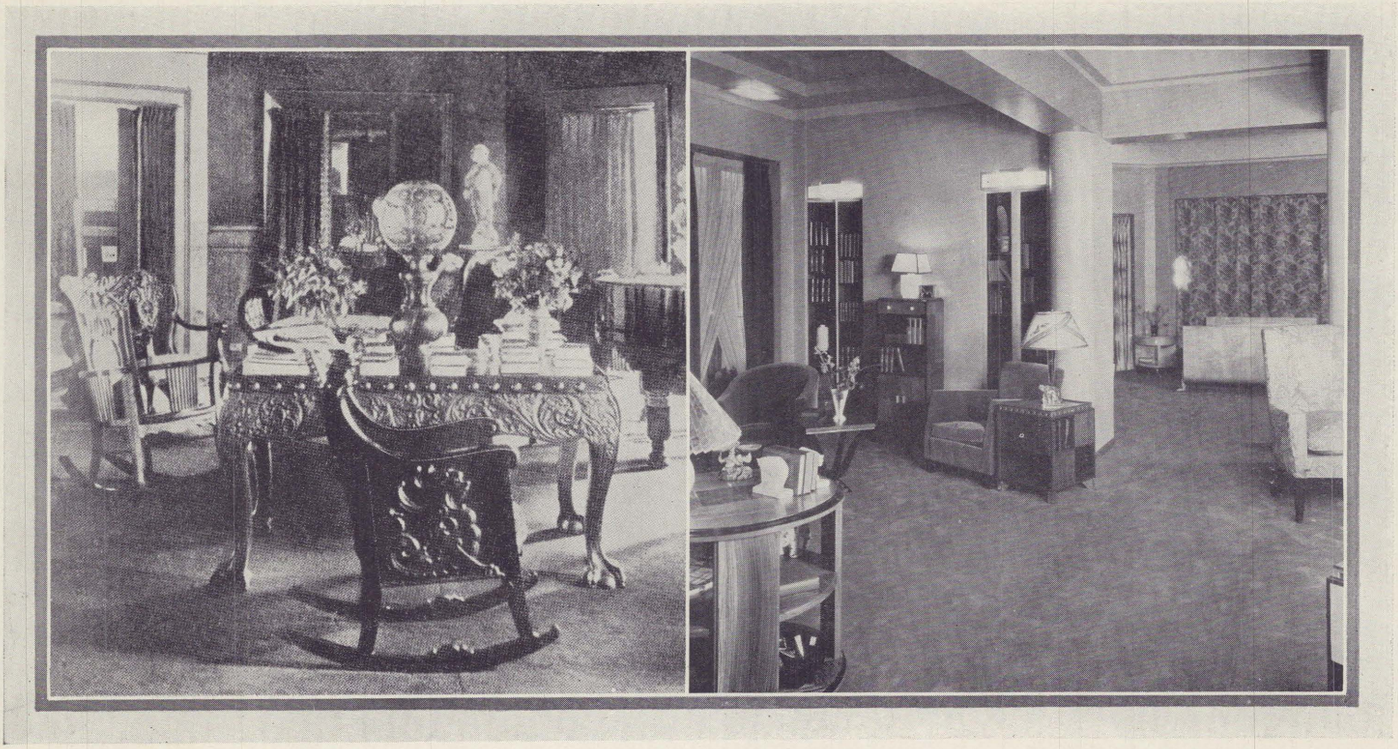
TO marshall in historical sequence a procession of the decorative styles, and to analyze their respective merits is not the intention of this resume; we will embrace but a very limited time, the greater part of which will be well within the memory of most of my readers. During the last fifty or sixty years, the realm of industrial art has made repeated efforts to free itself from the shackles of traditional influence, and to mirror in its productions the spirit of its time. Man's life is but a flash in eternal space and half a century is a brief interval in which to cut through the entangled stylistic undergrowth, bordering the rich untilled soil of original thought.

A comparison drawn between the aesthetic standards as evinced in the decoration fifty or sixty years ago and those of our own time is overwhelmingly favorable to ours. One cannot but be impressed with the really marvelous advancement made in this specific branch of art. Especially has this been true of the last twenty-five years. The outstanding improvement is a general desire on the part of the public to acquire knowledge pertaining to this subject which has given it a broader and a more acute artistic perception. This is shown in the elimination of vulgar display so prevalent at the close of the last century and during the early years of this one. Then furniture was cumbersome, badly proportioned and overloaded with atrocious disfigurations. By no stretch of the imagination could these disfigurations be said to enhance or to ornament it, and yet that is the specific function of decoration; if it fails in this respect it is worse than useless. Also in the disposal of ornamentation, an intelligent restraint is necessary. There is something in the human make-up which craves evidence of a thoughtful planning of a decorative scheme. If this be absent, a very decided or even a subconscious sense of criticism may be aroused. To this cause can be attributed the failure of so many interiors to please, and to thoroughly satisfy. The degenerate taste referred to can be readily seen in the illustration to the left, below, which dates back to 1904. Could anyone today be persuaded to tolerate such monstrosities? In those benighted days the fair ones, it would seem, were condemned to rest in the embrace of ferocious dragons with menacing clawed feet, or of vicious looking griffins, equipped with wings suggestive of flight, and the carrying of their captives to—well certainly not to Paradise. St. George must have been slumbering.

Then was the rage for that impossible "Golden Oak" finish, and that anything but royal purple mahogany. Those were the halcyon days of cozy corners, done in the Oriental manner, with a kis-kilm spread over a couch, canopied above by dust-catching draperies upheld with spears, and looped with woolen ropes.

A house was not complete which did not possess such a love-nest, or

(Continued on Page 32)



The atrocities of the "Golden Oak Period" in vogue in the '90's.

An apartment done in The Modern Style—simple, comfortable, sincere.

Changing Styles in Diet and Cuisine

By A. L. FOLIN

CHEF FOLIN brings to his work not only the high culinary skill that his French training gave him, but a rather extraordinary degree of learning on the subject of cuisine. As a lad he was apprenticed to a famous chef at the French resort, Biarritz. When that exacting and temperamental master pronounced him worthy the title "cuisinier," Chef Folin earned a name for himself in hotels of Paris and London. He has been the chef at Kaufmann's for fourteen years. He tells us in the following article that fads and fancies are not confined to apparel, but that he has catered to a constantly fluctuating taste in foods.—THE EDITOR.

LIFE today is all science, business, noise and hurry! Scarcely is one willing to pause to eat. But one must eat to live, and he wishes to live that he may go on hurrying. It is an intriguing thing, this hurry. All wish to do it—hurry to see this, for afterwards they must hurry to hear that.

But this is likewise an age of science. Science has lately turned its attention to foods, and voila! We have diets—many diets—programmes of foods selected to afford nourishment and energy to people who must eat in a hurry and digest in a hurry.

The chef, always in the background, may have many thoughts upon this matter. If he is a chef who has known the delight of preparing mighty dinners in those other days, when men had leisure and took hours to enjoy the rich feasts he prepared, he may regret a little that such times are no more. But he knows that he must take the times as he finds them. He knows that today he must apply his skill to another problem. He must prepare well balanced meals—dictated by science, not by the bon vivant. He must measure his calories and vitamines. He must use his wits and his ingenuity and his knowledge of food values to nourish business men and women upon whom "big business" depends.

Yes, fashions change in diet and cuisine. In my own time I have seen, and catered to, many changes in diet. Indeed, the history of the world might be written in its menus! Note what they ate in those war-like times that we call the Middle Ages. Nothing but meat and game and fish and pastry! No vegetables in their diet. And so it continued until within a few generations of our own times. Here, for example, is the report of a typical feast in an English manor house in the days of "merrie old England" in the 18th century:

"We had fricasee of chicken and rabbits, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps on a dish, a great side dish of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey—a most rare dish, that—a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble to my heart's content." Ah, those were the days of the bon vivants!

Here is an old recipe for "Soup of Lamb's Head and Pluck," popular in the 18th century: Put the head, 1 heart, 1 light, with 1 pound of salt pork into 5 quarts of cold water. Have a care that these be all thoroughly cleansed. Cover the kettle and simmer gently one hour. Then add the liver and simmer one hour longer. Now you may add 2 or 3 potatoes, cut in blocks, 1 carrot chopped fair and fine, 1 onion sliced, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful of sweet marjoram, the same quantity of savory. Rub together ½ pound of sweet butter and ¼ pound of flour. Add to this sufficient quantity of the soup to make a liquid, then you may turn the whole of this into the soup and stir until perfectly smooth. In the tureen have the yolks of 2 eggs, well beaten. Dish the head, heart, liver neatly upon a platter. Pour sufficient of the soup to form a sauce, sprinkle the whole with chopped parsley. The balance of the soup you will turn into the tureen." . . . . . There was a dish that took hours to prepare and hours to digest. But those were the days when eating was one of the features of life.

Even closer to our own days, we find menus that would shock the moderate eater of our own times. Here, for example, is a menu given by a charming Southern lady of the 1860's, for a luncheon—a luncheon, mind you, not a banquet—and her guests were ladies.

"Hearts of artichoke, filled with Russian caviar; turtle soup; Madison biscuits; deviled crabs; fried sweet peppers; chicken saute; stuffed ripe tomatoes; corn cakes; crab salad; cream cheese; white and red bar le duc; toasted crackers; vanilla ice cream.

And here is a Southern recipe which appeared in an American magazine in 1871:

SWEET POTATO PUDDING

Beat to a cream one pound of sugar and one pound of butter; boil and pound fine two pounds of sweet potatoes; beat the potato by degrees into the butter and sugar; add five eggs beaten light and fluffy, one wineglass of wine, one of brandy, and one of rosewater; two teaspoonfuls of spice and half a pint of cream. This will serve seven persons.

I offer these menus and recipes, from my old scrap book, because they show you more plainly that I can tell, what a changed attitude there is toward diet and cuisine. In comparison with those mighty meals and those rich dishes, how meager is our diet today! Is it not science that is responsible for this? Like everything else, our meals today must be designed for efficiency! So many vitamines, so many calories, so many minutes for eating, so many minutes for digesting! Good! The chef watches the latest reports from great dieticians, and then prepares accordingly.

Changing Styles in Storekeeping

By IRWIN D. WOLF

YOU perhaps have not noticed it in the papers, but Gibraltar, the greatest natural fortress known to military men has fallen. Of course, the rock still stands there, a majestic symbol of impregnability and of course it would be practically impossible for an unfriendly ship to get past it. But right there lies the point: It is no longer necessary to get past Gibralter. Science and engineering have developed ways of getting over it. Where sheer force of attack would fail, imagination has surmounted it. A murderously equipped force could now fly over this great fortress; modern guns could shoot over it and devastate the country behind it. For practical purposes, it is little more than a great museum rock, a relic of 1914 security.

So it is with merchandising. Much of the old security is gone.

With time and distance being annihilated right and left, there is little chance for the merchant to sit smugly by, feeling safe in his business.

All this progress means new forms of competition to be faced.

Radios compete against vacuum cleaners, automobiles against oriental rugs, kitchen cabinets against movies and Listerine against Packers Tar Soap.

Not only do articles compete for the customer's dollar, but also for his time. People cannot be home reading books and at the same time be playing golf. They cannot be using gas, oil and tires if they are sitting on the porch listening to the Victrola. They cannot be traveling abroad and be staying home using our merchandise at the same time.

Not only must the modern merchant keep abreast of the times in analyzing customer's habits and desires, but he must also adapt the machinery of his business to such customer demands.

Significant movements along these lines include the great development of consolidation, whereby large groups of stores are united for purposes of economy in operation. The development of group buying compels the attention of every merchant. Hand to mouth buying has developed as a means of meeting the customer's style demands.

Finally, the merchant bears a certain moral responsibility to this community, something which modern merchandising demands. In the old days there was a rule called '*caveat emptor*' meaning "Let the customer beware." Today, the merchant is not only the purveyor of merchandise, but he is the purchasing agent of the public, as well. And, as such, he must first consider its needs and wishes.

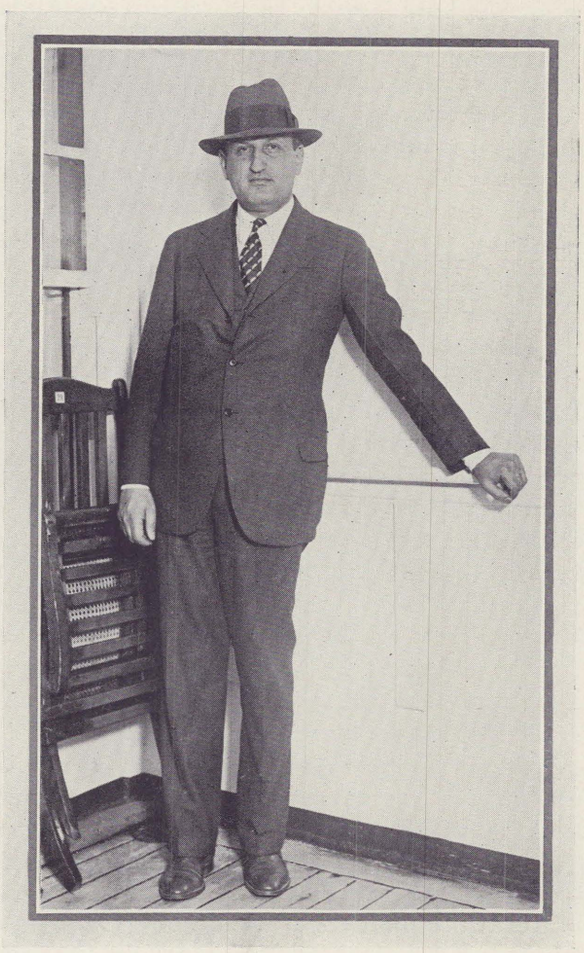
The modern merchant must fight the battle with new weapons. With his new weapons or tools it is his business to take the mood and manner of the customer and translate them into satisfied desires.

This is a day of super-organization and delegated authority. No longer can the store owner meet his customers personally; no longer can he see that they are properly served; nor is it possible for him to intimately know their likes, dislikes and prejudices. He must depend upon his army of fellow workers who are individually and severally in touch with the public.

If the merchant is morally obligated to his community, so much more so is the individual employee who knows the customer personally. If it is the merchant's duty to discover the wants of his community, he must do so through the people in his organization. Changing styles in storekeeping involve much more than an evolution in ways of doing business. It means that each of us must assume greater responsibilities and obligations and conscientiously follow our vocation.

BON VOYAGE,
MR. WOLF!

Mr. Irwin D. Wolf is shown here aboard the Aquitania. He sailed June 1st for Europe. As he visits our foreign offices he will find this issue of the Storagram, and herewith all good wishes from his fellow workers at home.



Interesting Facts About Oriental Rugs

By ALFRED BEDDELL, *Salesman in the Oriental Rug Department*

I HAVE worked so long with Oriental rugs that I have learned their secret language. And they do have a secret language, but few human beings have ever been initiated into their mystic society, so their secrets have not been disclosed. But it was once my privilege to have a glimpse at an old diary, kept by an ancient and honorable society of Oriental rugs, and I was startled at some of the entries in that diary.

It is recorded there that when Oriental rugs first came to this country, they were not accepted for their own value, but, to quote their own words they "Had to peddle legend, romance and symbolism in order to make a living." This seemed to surprise them, for they thought their own beauty as rugs should have got them instant appreciation. Then, it is recorded in the diary that they found out that Americans, at that time, valued antique Oriental rugs above all others, and antiques, of course, were always worn thin from long usage. The diary goes on to tell that this company of new Oriental rugs, upon entering this country and finding themselves neglected because they had not the thinness of antique rugs, believed that Americans admired the antiques for their thinness. A mistaken idea, but the East is apt to misunderstand the West. With great agony, the new Orientals had themselves sandpapered to the desired thinness. (As a student of Oriental rugs, I can vouch for this story. The old diary tells a sad chapter and a true one in the history of Oriental rugs in this country. Unbelievable as it may seem, it is a fact that long ago, the Oriental dealers used to sandpaper new Oriental rugs to make them as thin as the antiques! When they found out that this was not what the Americans wanted, they gave up this very bad practice.)

The diary goes on with its sad story of misunderstandings. It tells how the Oriental rugs had always gloried in their rich colorings—colorings that caught the

fire of gems and wove them into their patterns. But when they came to this country, expecting an enthusiastic reception, they were coldly met with disapprobation. Why? Because, so says the diary, it happened to be at a time when "low tones" and neutral shades were in vogue. With agony of soul, the proud and gorgeous Orientals permitted themselves to be dipped into dyes that gave them a dull brown or tan shade. (This, too, I can vouch for. Unthinkable as it may now seem, it is true that there was a time when the Oriental rugs were considered too gorgeous to be in good taste. Again, the poor, misguided dealers submitted them to the indignity of violent mistreatment; they dyed them, in the hope of giving Americans the color they seemed to want!)

The diary goes on to tell about a meeting of some great Oriental rugs who were leaders in a revolt against such misunderstanding and indignity as they had suffered. This is an exciting chapter in the diary. There were many secret meetings before the plan was all set to go. Finally they drew up resolutions declaring that they would henceforth refuse to submit to any form of deception in this country. Theirs was a long and honorable history in their own land. They had been the cherished possessions of princes and potentates. In America, they must establish themselves on their own, true worth, or retire forever from these shores.

All this took place many, many years ago. It is all historically true. Today, the Oriental rugs have arrived at a proud and happy place in our country and the old diary has nothing more of which to complain.

We have many more millions of square feet of hand-knotted Oriental rugs coming to America than ever before; more than to all other countries combined. The diary, at this point goes on to claim for the ancient and honorable society of Oriental rugs, credit for doing much to raise the level of taste in the American home to a higher plane. There may be some truth in this. It is a fact that the Oriental rug, which used to be found only in the homes of the very rich, has now made its way into almost every type of home. It may be the only thing of great value in the place; the other furnishings may be so plain as to be almost humble. But there is an Oriental rug, lending its true art, its wonderful beauty to the whole place. Yes, the diary *is* right. The increasing demand for Oriental rugs has carried refinement of taste and appreciation of beauty to the average American home.

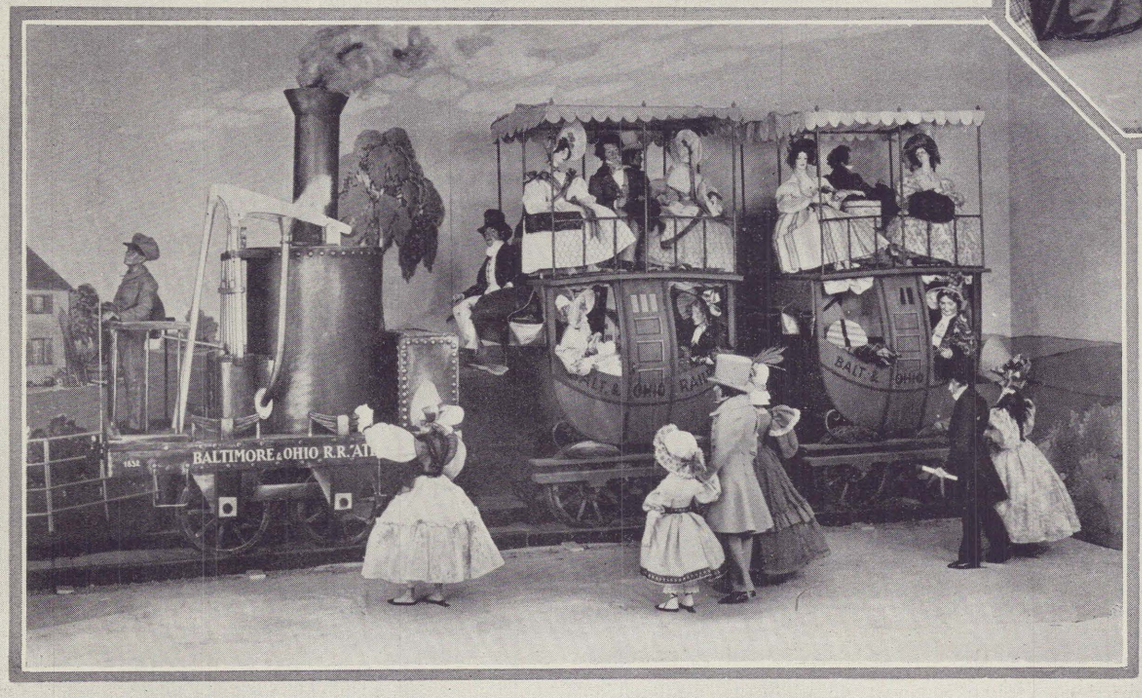
Weaving into their rugs the expression of their ideals, their ambitions and inspirations has been the life-long work of generations of Oriental rug weavers. These people have always been ardent nature lovers. Who knows but that they saw in the beautiful scenery of their native land what our American Indians saw when they christened a beautiful lake in our Northwest "The Smile of the Great Spirit?"

These Oriental rug-weavers first employed a flat weave, which came to us in the Kelim and Sumak, but the need for better protection from the cold developed the hand-knotted rug, with its deep, fur-like pile that gives us such comfort in tread, such depth and richness of coloring and the unmatchable texture of the Orientals so universally admired today. Oriental rugs, as we know them today, meet the ever increasing demand for practical floor coverings of such beauty that they really make for happiness and contentment. Those of us who spend our days in their company know that it is not too much to claim for them that fine Oriental rugs do create an uplifting atmosphere.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INAUGURATION
Adapted from a painting by Howard Pyle

LINCOLN AT
From the paintin

THE FIRST PRACTICAL LOCOMOTIVE
Reproducing an actual scene presented in the recent Centennial of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad



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THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE CLERMONT
From a painting by Stanley Arthurs

THE CONESTOGA WAGON
Pre-cursor of the trans-continental railway

GETTYSBURG
by Violet Oakley

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Changing Styles in Parks

An Interview with PAUL RIIS, *Bureau of Parks, Allegheny County*

"Wide open spaces" in the County Parks

PLAY is a normal function in all living things—in human beings as well as in lower animals, in grown-ups as well as in children. Play is our heritage, come down to us through the ages, to enrich our lives, give us healthier bodies and clearer minds. In early times there were militant games, training eye and muscle against the time when war should call out the flower of manhood. But, in our own time, play and recreation have taken a gentler turn. Today we see play-grounds taking the place of the arena.

As city populations grew more congested, the need for parks was felt. At first these parks were virtually enlarged flower gardens, prim and stiff and uninviting. They were pretty, to be sure, and they did furnish an open breathing space where people could take prim little walks and feast their eyes upon the green of the lawns and the color of the flower gardens—if they "kept off the grass." And that was the type of city park that prevailed until a few years ago.

But times have changed, and the parks of today reflect the changed interests and tastes and habits of this age in which we live. It is an active, vigorous, speed-loving age. It is an age which loves freedom and is impatient of restraint. And, notably, it is the age of the automobile. It is, perhaps, the automobile as much as anything which has brought about the demand for our great county parks. Gone are the days when a little flower-garden-park in the city could satisfy the people. Now our leisure-time crowds can repair to outlying parks in a few minutes and there enjoy a sense of freedom.

Throughout the land we find the great demand of the people met by an increasing number of new county parks, forest preserves, regional parks, state and national parks—each one in this series named, being one step higher in the great plan of parks today. Truly, this is the twentieth century idea of parks—wide open spaces, presenting the native beauty of the landscape, inviting the people to come out in the open and revel in the freedom of it!

As our own city grows older and the population more congested and life more rapid, our need for such public lands becomes more apparent. Accordingly, Allegheny County has purchased North and South Parks, with areas of 1500 and 1800 acres, respectively. Here, in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains, the natural beauty of this land has been preserved as nearly as is possible.

Yes, styles in parks change! Comparing our own times with those of only a generation or two ago, nothing presents a more significant contrast than the new parks with their great, open spaces and those little flower-garden-keep-off-the-grass-parks in which our grandparents used to take prim little walks!

Picturesque Native Americans in Our County Parks

The Story of the Commemorative Tablet

IS there any one in this store family who did not thrill with pride and loyalty at the unveiling of the Commemorative Tablet, that morning in May when we thronged the first floor in a great mass meeting? Of all store meetings and of all commemorative tablets, this one, we believe, is unique. Every member of this store family should know the full significance of the event which the tablet commemorates, for Kaufmann's made a great contribution to the realm of retailing by that event.

To perpetuate the inspiration of the International Exposition of Arts and Industries, held in this store in November, 1926, Jules Bouy created this commemorative tablet. The programme for the dedication of this tablet brought to us some of the most enlightening messages it has ever been the privilege of any store workers anywhere to hear. We were greatly honored to have Chancellor Bowman, of the University of Pittsburgh, speak to us. Mr. O. M. Kaufmann was master of ceremonies, Mr. I. D. Wolf told us the meaning of the event which the tablet commemorates, Mr. Jules Bouy explained the symbolism of the tablet, Mr. Edgar Kaufmann accepted the gift of the tablet, with words that we will all cherish, for they opened our minds to bigger thoughts about our work, and gave us all a proud and happy sense of our responsibility in bringing art into industry.

The tablet challenges attention. It will be a long time before customers, hurrying by, will cease to pause and read it and look again, wondering at its symbolism. Let Jules Bouy, the creator of this work, explain it: "Progress, prosperity, abundance, unceasing art and the future are the characteristics of modern rhythm. The sun represents fire; hydraulic power is shown by the waterfall; the mountains, seen in the distance, indicate earth and symbolize the mineral, animal and vegetable kingdoms. The triumphant outcome of human toil is portrayed in a glorious arch. The blazing sun in the opening of the arch shines upon that other prince and benefactor of humanity—ART. The arch is crowned by the emblem of the Exposition of Industrial Arts, the figure of victory bearing the flags of all nations, and also the colors of that American Group who are seeking the jewel to be placed in Industry's jewel case. . . . . The frame is made of two broad and forceful mouldings of steel, through the center of which runs a living, gold-bronze spray of laurel. . . . .The open volutes indicate that our rise is not yet finished. A scintillating pedestal of mouldings at the top, indicates the awaiting of an allegorical coronation."

CHANGING FASHIONS IN THE THEATRE

(Concluded from Page 11)

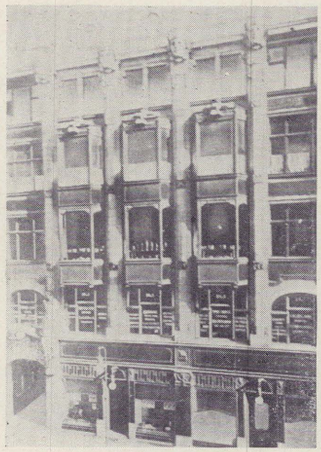
these melodramas make a tour of Shanghai, some stay right in Harlem. All of them profess to look life straight in the eye without batting a lash. The lingo is not the kind usually found in books. The Broadway man impertinently asks, "Have you got anything on your hip?" and the irate chorus girl answers, "Nothing but my birth mark, but you're the first guy that ever asked me about it." A husband in *Abie's Irish Rose* manages an introduction in this quite unshakespearean patois, "Meet the vife. She ain't got no appendix, but she's a mighty nize voman."

MODERN DRAMA—This type is properly scientific and snooty and, therefore, means absolutely nothing to those who are not up on eugenics with its elimination of romantic mooning; mechanistic philosophy with its assurance that none of us are responsible, and behavioristic psychology with its assumption that we are animals. To enjoy the best play of this type, O'Neill's *Strange Interlude,* one must have digested first a small library of books on the aforesaid subjects, be in good physical trim, and starved for a debauch of talk on three planes. Why? Because, first, O'Neill sets the tongues of four characters loose on a marathon of talk; secondly, he exacts physical endurance to withstand nine acts of the most concentrated discussion that can be packed in between five-thirty and eleven o'clock, with a little time out for a bite to eat; and, thirdly, he forces his three nervous men and his neurotic woman to speak not only to one another, but to themselves and, as if that were not enough, to empty from their subconscious minds all the broodings about which they, themselves, are supposed to know nothing at all. They gabble mainly about sex, but only an old meany would say that that topic is responsible for the nightly "Standing Room Only" sign in the lobby of the theatre—no, the public is merely exhibiting its customary insatiable interest in great intellectual drama, even if it be from the hand of a dramatist not hitherto exactly popular

Our European Offices

PARIS
1, Rue Ambroise Thomas

FLORENCE
5, Piazza Strozzi



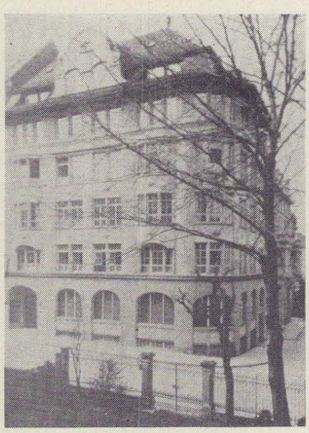
BERLIN
34, Alexandrinenstrasse

BRUXELLES
1, Rue des Augustins

CHEMNITZ
34, Theater Graben

FRANKFURT
45, Mainzer Landstrasse

LONDON
193, Regent Street



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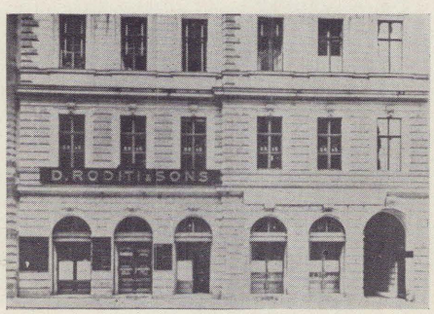


WIEN
3, Makartgasse

LYON
6, Rue de la Bourse

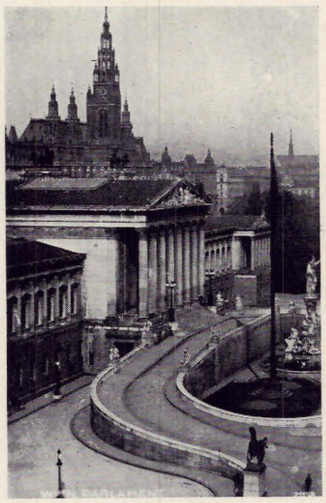
Scenes Visited by Our Buyers Abroad

Lichtenfels, Germany, Center of Wickerware Industry

Mansion House, Cheapside, London

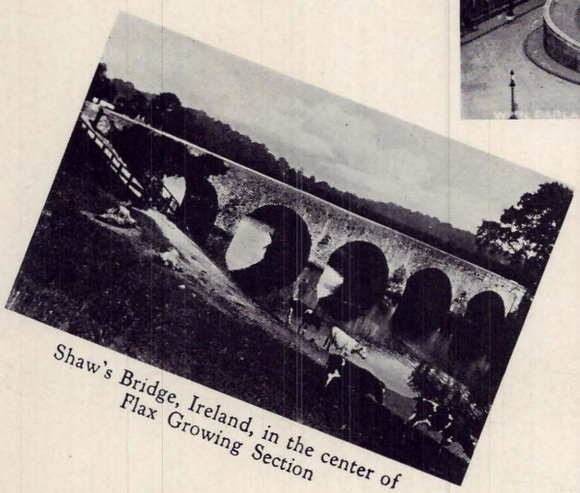
Glass Workers in a Famous Old Bohemian Glass Factory

Lace Makers in a Bruges Cottage

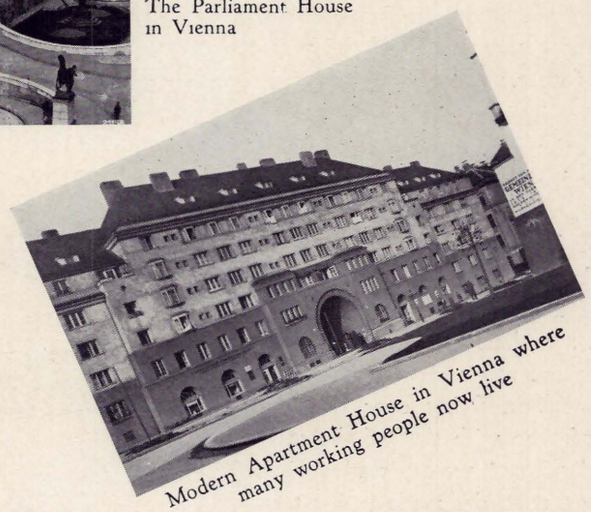


The Parliament House in Vienna

Making Men's Shoes in a London Factory



Shaw's Bridge, Ireland, in the center of Flax Growing Section



Modern Apartment House in Vienna where many working people now live

The story of Our Foreign Offices will be found on Page 30

The Changing Mode in Transportation

By R. E. DAKE, *President of the Aero Club of Pittsburgh*

Speeding in "The Gay Nineties"

A REALIZATION of the increasing value of time has tended to speed up life today in every line of human activity. Methods are constantly being revised, schedules changed to save a minute here, an hour there. To move commodities and passengers in the shortest possible time has become one of the essential problems of modern life. It is this demand for rapid transportation and the consequent saving of time that has resulted in an increasing interest in commercial aviation.

Aerial transportation, which few persons dared dream of before the World War, has become a reality. This reality must and will become an important factor in the economic life of the present and the future.

Looking back at the development of mechanical transportation we find that one hundred and twenty years have passed since the first steamboat was navigated by Robert Fulton; and only one hundred years since the first railroad was operated. When we consider that the first aeroplane was flown but twenty-four years ago and we compare the development in flying over this short period of time with that of the steamboat and railroad, we can readily visualize the great strides made in air transportation and must realize its growth in the future.

When the first Baltimore and Ohio Railroad trains were operated, scientific men declared that humans would not be able to stand a greater rate of speed in travel than fifteen miles per hour. Today men have traveled over three hundred miles per hour in the air without physical harm.

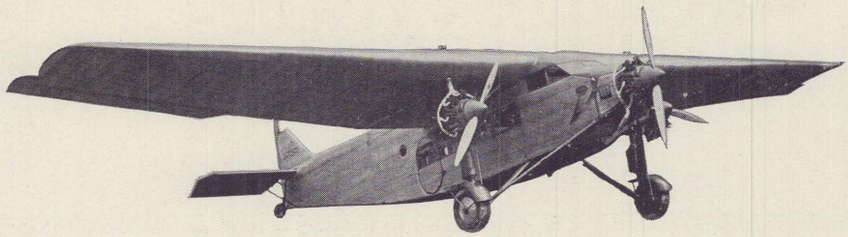
If we go back sixty or seventy years in railway transportation, we find that the earlier situation was an appalling contrast to the present. It has taken nothing like this time to improve the situation in flying. Compared with the risk of even ten years ago, commercial flying is today reasonably safe and free from hazards.

In the past year there have been twenty-eight scheduled aerial transportation routes operated throughout the United States, flying approximately 27,000 miles each day. Of these routes, fourteen carried passengers as well as air mail and express; the cost of passenger air travel averaged ten and six-tenths cents per passenger miles. Thirty-seven thousand passengers were carried over these routes and at a better on-time schedule than any railroad operated.

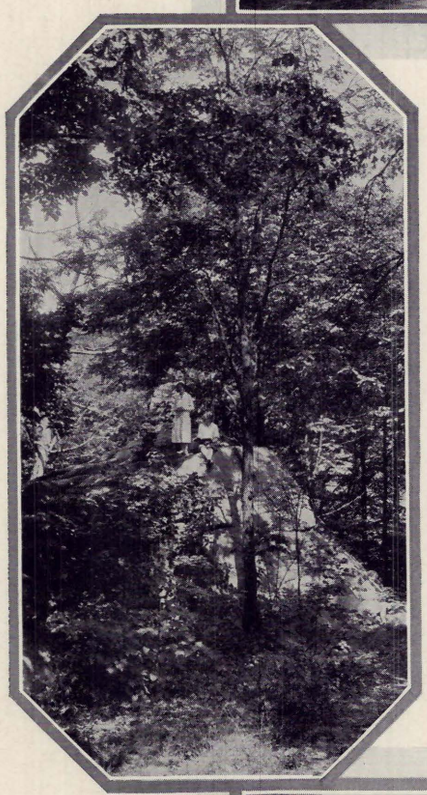
Air transportation has been increasing and extending rapidly in this country, but so little has been said about it as compared to the publicity given to such matters abroad that few people realize how rapid this progress has been. Nowhere better than in the United States is the economic advantage of air transportation demonstrated. Great distances exist between the Atlantic and the Pacific and the aeroplane makes it no longer necessary to calculate distance in terms of miles. It is estimated that capital to the amount of twenty-four million dollars now wings its way daily into Wall Street by air mail, representing the face value of checks sent from all over the country to New York, credits for deposits, loans on call or other purposes; interest is saved for one to three days at the rate of three to four and one-half per cent. It is now possible to travel by air from New York to San Francisco on a scheduled time run. The fare, including all costs is approximately one-half more than the railroad fare and the time consumed is approximately one-quarter of the railroad time. Government statistics show that there are less fatalities per passenger mile than by automobile transportation.

In the early days of motoring

Flying is a modern method of transportation and it has much development before it. It should be remembered that the rate of progress made in the development of air locomotion has been far greater, relatively, than the advancement by other forms of mechanical locomotion at their origin. It may not be a great factor in commerce at present but the day is not far off when aviation will assume a more important place in transportation.



The Spirit of 1928

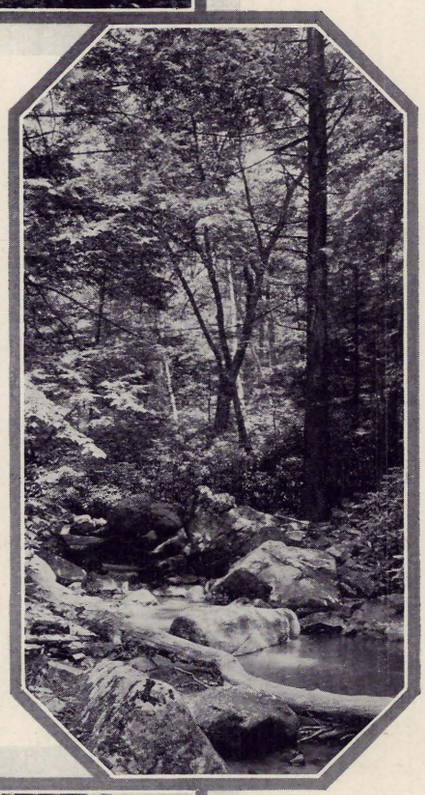


Our Summer Club at Bear Run Opens July 1

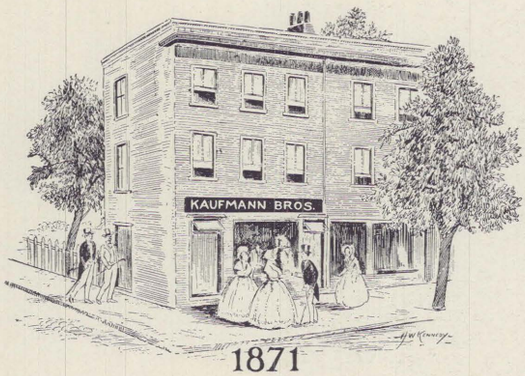
WHEN Bob Grady went up two weeks ago with that justly famous truck of his, and when a whole crew of carpenters, painters and house-cleaners broke loose upon the place, the winter silence of Bear Run was shattered and our Summer Club began to wake up to another season.

We hear that things are almost ship-shape by this time. The big club house, with accommodations for seventy girls, the Men's Club, with beds and bunks for thirty men, the six family cottages, the little colony of Back-to-Nature cottages, the pavilion, the tennis courts and the ball fields are all getting ready to welcome the first troop of guests.

Seventeen hundred acres of glorious mountain country—and all ours! The mountain trails, the swimming pool, mountain air, good and bounteous country food—well, it all makes us keen to see old Bear Run again.



Kaufmann's Fifty-Seven Years of Growth



The First Store, 1871.
Located at 1918 Carson Street, floor space 18x27 feet.

MOST Kaufmann fellow-workers know by heart the story of our store, but it bears retelling. In 1871 four young men, Isaac, Henry, Morris and Jacob Kaufmann, opened a little store on Carson Street, in what was then called Birmingham, now the South Side of Pittsburgh. It was a very small shop, indeed, the actual floor space being but 18x27 feet. But the physical dimensions of that little store by no means restricted the ambitions of the four young brothers. Nor did limited capital daunt them in the least. All they had in cash was $1500. But their vision, their faith in themselves and in Pittsburgh, their ideals and their enormous capacity for work were things not to be reckoned in dollars and cents when it came to establishing that business.

Those were the days of the reconstruction, following the Civil War. Quaint days to read about—days of hoop-skirted ladies and frock-coated gentlemen—but difficult times to live and work in. Pittsburgh was just then coming into her place as "the workshop of the world." The young Kaufmann brothers were keen to sense her growing importance, and their faith in her future never wavered. With all the power that was in them, they set themselves to build a business that should grow with Pittsburgh, keep pace with this city's development. They worked unbelievably hard, unbelievably long hours. But hard work alone does not achieve great things. Somehow there must be vision and ideals. The four young brothers who founded this business had, from the first, a clear vision of what a great mercantile business might be in this city that was to be called "the anvil of industry." And they had ideals. They had that sense of service which must be the very heart and soul of a successful business.

With such ideals and such faith in the city which they set out to serve, Kaufmann's soon outgrew the little one-room shop on Carson Street. They moved to larger quarters on Federal Street. Four years later we find them on the corner of Fifth and Smithfield, in the heart of the downtown shopping center. That was in '79. Kaufmann's had grown in size and extent of service, but even its indefatigable founders could scarcely have imagined the scope of the institution as we know it today. The first Kaufmann store on Fifth and Smithfield carried only men's and boys' clothing. The store owners personally knew their customers, greeted them by name, waited upon them, knew their individual tastes and imparted to their store that atmosphere of hospitality and sincerity which today we call the good will of a business. A priceless heritage, that!

In 1892 we find Kaufmann's occupying the block from Diamond to Fifth Avenue on Smithfield Street. The store in those flamboyant days was called "Kaufmann's Grand Depot," and to the original men's and boys' departments had been added many others, for the little one-room shop on Carson Street had at last, by the unremitting enterprise of its founders, become a department store!

(Continued on Page 32)

The Present Store, Built in 1913

13 "Aces" in Store-wide Demonstration Sale Contest

FROM May 14th to May 26th, just prior to the Anniversary, the Demonstration Sales Contest was hotly waged in every department. We'll not say any more here about the preparations and the way the sales were conducted. That was told in the last issue of THE STORAGRAM, and the list of judges appeared there, too.

Approximately one hundred sixty-one departments participated in this contest, each one staging a demonstration sale. The salesperson who was rated the highest by the judges for his or her floor, was designated the winner on that floor. We are happy to present their pictures on this page, for in this important business of selling, these people have earned distinction. They are:

Floor	*Department*	*Salesperson*
D. S.	Lace Curtains,	Agnes Hastie
First	Ladies' Handkerchiefs,	Mary Closky
First	Men's Hats,	Morris Kravetz
Second	Men's Shoes,	George Shiner
Third	Boys' Wash Suits,	Harry Woodmansee
Third	Boys' Suits,	Meyer Cohen
Fourth	Ladies' Gowns,	Elsie Meyers
Fifth	Millinery,	Sylvia Arnold
Sixth	Muslin Underwear,	Elizabeth Fankel
Seventh	Electrical Goods,	Emma Herbster
Eighth	Furniture,	Edward Kennedy
Ninth	Rugs,	Thomas Lynskey
Eleventh	Pianos,	Harold Kibler

Customers shown in the group picture above are: Miss Natalie Dorsch, Miss Renee Long, Mr. A. S. Davis, Mr. Jerome Kimball, Mr. Wolfe Seligson, Mr. Simon Barach, Miss Thelma Weil, Miss Louise Vaughn, Mrs. Louise Brainard, Mrs. Letria Lyda, Mr. Joseph F. Miller, Mr. Warren McWilliams, Mrs. Gertrude Golden.

435 SIXTH AVENUE
PITTSBURGH, PA.

May 16, 1928.

Mr. Edgar J. Kaufmann, President,
Kaufmann's The Big Store,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. Kaufmann:

My nine year old boy was given a gift of a spade, a rake, and a hoe by his eleven year old sister. He was very proud of it and while working with it in the garden last night he was explaining its virtues to me and said,

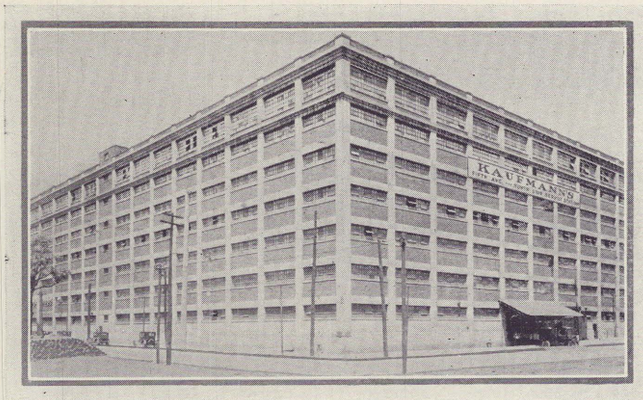
"It must be good because Betty bought it at Kaufmann's."

I thought you might enjoy reading of this young man's appreciation of your great institution.

Sincerely,

A. W. Robertson.

LETTERS *like the above are encouraging to all of us.*



News and Views from Across the Pond

Broadcasting Some Facts About N.S.S.S.

This is station N.S.S.S. broadcasting from across the pond.

Looking from either the Manchester or Point bridges at the North Side Warehouse you might think, from the outer appearance of the big building with its rough walls and frosted windows, that it is just the usual warehouse, big and cheerless. But, if you will come with me in spirit, just for a few moments I will tell or show you what a cheerful and friendly atmosphere prevails among the employees over here. This spirit is fostered by our good friend and superintendent, Mr. E. M. Cummins, who has been with the firm for many years, first at the store and later here at the warehouse. He visits the various departments often and is ever ready to help the employees make working conditions more favorable. Our stock floors are as neat as any of the floors at the store. You didn't think so, did you? Well, we invite inspection, any time.

Mr. Richard Smith who takes care of the North Side office and furniture orders is one of our main standbys. By the way, he manages all our social functions. If you see a good-looking man driving a new "Chevie" down Cherry Way just say, "Hello, Dick." Jack Lagorio and I. Gershon make the office force complete by their efficient work and effort.

The Receiving Department is the vital section of the entire business. Here all receiving records are made and sent to the numerous departments throughout the store. Here also are made all furniture and bedding tags. Mr. Swan is our receiver and is assisted by Bill in the office with Messrs. Geis and Greene on the platform.

Oh! yes, before I forget. Remember all the nice things you enjoyed at Bear Run? Well, they were all shipped by our North Side receiving force. And Bob Grady, of Bear Run fame, is also a North Sider.

Mr. Brush our return goods man, as it is said in Spanish, *es muy hermoso*. He has a suit for every day. Come over and see "IT." Girls, you should see Edward when he goes out. Hot dog!

The Shipping Department under the direction of Mr. Bottorf, assisted by Messrs. Bosworth, Cook and Beardsley, truck drivers and helpers, performs the important task of delivering merchandise on time and in good condition.

Mr. Guckert and his carpenters make much of the store equipment and necessary window fixtures. They also made the scenery used for the stage settings of the "Red Widow."

Mr. Jahn, better known as Punny, the man with a million wonders and a thousand calls a day, together with his fifteen stockmen fill all orders sent from the store. We of the various departments owe many thanks to these men for their cheerful services and good work.

The drapery and shade work room cuts and makes all awnings, draperies and blinds. Bob Russo, of this department, states his relationship to Count Russo of Russia and is looking for his estate to be settled any time. Better watch him, folks.

Mrs. Geis and Mr. Willis, together with their helpers, "certainly know their Brussels when they are unrolled." Mrs. Geis is one of our oldest and best workers.

This is all for today. This is N.S.S.S. signing off. B. Tracy announcing. Goodbye, everybody.

DRAPERY WORKROOM

Miss Close is our new floor lady and we like her very much.

Mr. Russo, our general utility man, has a smile for everyone.

Dewey Carr, the sheik of the workroom, is very busy these days cutting and hanging awnings. In fact Dewey is busy all the time.

Reported by Catherine Thomas.

SECOND FLOOR

We all wish Joe Duplanti a pleasant journey on his trip to California.

One of the recent casualties of the shop was Henry Feirabend who fell down the steps last Sunday en route to church.

Otto, the radio expert, can be heard very plainly when late orders are received.

We extend our sympathy to David Lyons in the recent death of his Mother.

Charlie Gust was overheard trying to persuade Henry to stay out all night in order to save two car checks coming to work next morning.

Carl Bloedel looks love sick these days. Someone said the cause of this is a certain little Miss on the third floor in the store.

Fred Beck, our cowboy checker, was very much occupied at noon time during the two-day stay of the 101 Ranch.

Dan Neilen and the Chinese government must have fallen out. You don't hear Dan say anymore about Hong Kong.

Reported by Ted Ross.

FIXTURE SHOP

At the annual meeting of the Grandmothers' Club, Harry Groskopf defeated Fred Krause for President. Krause received one vote, someone said he voted for himself.

Does anyone know who Aleck Wassel took to see the "Red Widow?"

Since Miss Ricketts has left us to join the store, Clarence Hough has been singing the "blues."

Jack Lagorio, Charlie Geis, Sam Goldstein and Fred Shademan are representing the N.S.S.S. in Kaufmann's Baseball team.

Someone said that John Fischer is a "hick" because he comes from Oakdale.

If the old saying that you lose your hair from worrying too much is true, Dave and Harry should belong to the House of David.

A very accommodating and cheerful fellow is Jimmie Ward of the Radio Department.

Reported by Fred Shademan.

From Forbes Street Service Station

FORBES ST. SERVICE STATION NEWS

Frank Lowry, our tire man, is building a nice record. In the two years that he has been with us, he hasn't missed a single day, and has been late just once (two minutes late).

Well, the beans and onions are in, so that's that. Now for a couple of weeks' leisure and then get out the old hoe. If you work hard you may get enough out of your garden to pay for the seeds, so you won't be out anything—and look at the fun you've had!

We haven't heard definitely about Shear's nuptials, but most of the boys believe they were pulled off. Ed has been doing a lot of figuring lately; evidently trying to prove that old myth that two can live as cheaply as one.

The first practice game of the Kaufmann players on their home grounds in Carrick was full of thrills. The outstanding features of the game were the managing and umpiring of Conaby. Besides, he booted one of our hits that was headed for the outfield and held it to a single. He played all three positions—manager, umpire and utility infielder with the utmost skill and dispatch.

AMBITION vs. CONFIDENCE

Something is wrong with our baseball team. It is nothing so serious that it can't be corrected. It seems like a case of too much ambition and not enough confidence. If a little constructive criticism is permissible, the writer would suggest that each of the players try for a single instead of a home run. It will improve their batting average—and produce more runs.

The fellow workers of the Package Delivery Department extend their sympathy to Helper O'Connor and his family in their recent bereavement.

Bob Garrity wishes to thank his friends for the flowers and many expressions of sympathy extended to him on the death of his father.

Drivers Nolder and Wise have recently become the proud fathers of fine baby boys. Congratulations!

We hear that Chauffeur Simon has a fine second hand Dodge sedan for sale at the regular new car price!

Forbes St. welcomes Jimmy Geis back!

J'ever notice how early Dugan, Davis and Schmude can get in when there's a ball game? 'S funny!

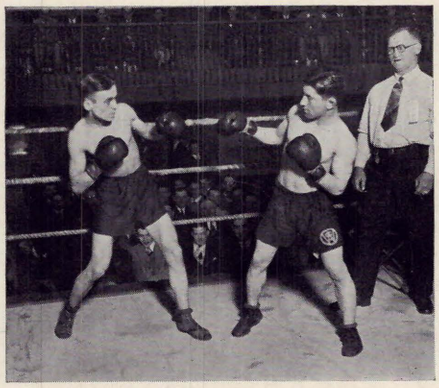
And speaking of ball teams, we're pretty proud of Forbes Street's representation on our team!

Stephen Matherer is the latest acquisition to our staff of mechanics. Steve isn't so very big, but they say good things are put up in small packages.

DELIVERY DEPARTMENT HOSTS AT SMOKER

The Delivery Department certainly staged a popular party on Saturday evening, May 26th, at the Y. M. & W. H. A. When good fellows get together for a smoker—and add the little spice of eight good boxing bouts—well, that's what anyone may call a good party. Add Mr. Caputo's orchestra, and the party gets better. Supply plenty of cigars and cigarettes for everybody, and the party smokes up and gets better still! About eight hundred Kaufmann men from the store and both service stations attended.

The committee responsible for this successful party was comprised of Messrs. Bucher, Meyers, Odenheimer, Levinson, Minnich, Rosenberg, Walters, Schwartz, Adelsheim, Nuttall, Erb, Hadley, Cummins, Bottorf, Willis, Edwards, and Reizenstein.



June 6, 1928

KAUFMANN'S DEPT. STORE
Fifth & Smithfield St.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Gentlemen:

You can be proud of the service I received recently in your Baby Carriage Department from E. Hassler.

Kaufmann's spent no little time and effort to make an adjustment for me that might have seemed trivial to the store but meant a great deal to me.

Many thanks!

SAMUEL HAYFORD.

A SPECIAL SERVICE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED

Recently a young couple came to the Carpet Department, apparently in earnest quest of a certain type of rug. In this particular case it was difficult for the salesman to understand what they wanted, for they were deaf mutes. Before the situation became embarrassing, the alert stockman came to the aid of the handicapped customers. Mr. Frank Lentz, with keen sympathy for the deaf people, stepped up and quietly communicated with them in their finger-language. Mr. Lentz, himself a deaf mute, is an able stockman and, as he demonstrated in this case, an excellent salesman when there are deaf mutes to be served. He found these customers the rug they desired. Everybody was pleased — and the sale amounted to $90.00.

Kaufmann's, An International Market Place, Maintains Offices in Seventeen Cities Abroad

ON pages 22 and 23 are presented just a few pictures sent to the Storagram recently by our representatives abroad. We maintain offices in the following European cities: Paris, Vienna, Florence, Lyons, London, Chemnitz, Milan, Berlin, Brussels, Leipzig, Frankfurt, St. Gall, Belfast; and in Constantinople, Shanghai, Tientsin, Kobe.

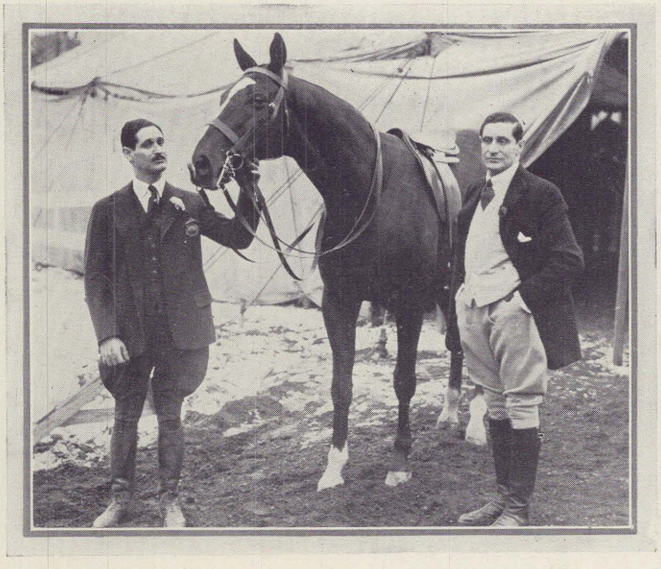
In each of these cities a competent staff is constantly on the alert to keep us informed about style trends, to scout its own locality for interesting and new things and to assist our buyers when they go abroad.

Through these offices, each one in a strategic place in the world market, Kaufmann's, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, is able at all times to secure the newest, most distinctive and finest merchandise that the world has to offer. Going out from our store, some twenty-two buyers, each year visit these foreign offices and with the help of our representatives there, they scout the country in quest of merchandise that will please their Pittsburgh clientele.

Have you ever heard of Cibourne or Nay? Cibourne is a tiny village on the Basque coast, where the famous Basque pottery is made. Nay is a town in the Pyrenees where Basque linens are produced. Out-of-the-way places, these, but only in such places may some of our choicest merchandise be procured and Kaufmann buyers are dauntless when they start off in quest of new goods in the foreign markets! Remote mountain villages in Thuringia, strange places in Czecho-Slovakia, hill towns in Italy—none of them too remote to be visited by our buyers or to be known to our foreign offices, if they are skilled in a craft and produce something better than we can procure in city markets.

As we go to press, the following buyers are abroad: Miss Giltenboth, for Handkerchiefs; Mr. Albright, for Jewelry; Miss Weber, for Infants' Wear; Miss Burkhart, for Bags and Leather Goods; Mrs. MacDonald, for Negligees, House Dresses and Beach Wear; Mrs. Wetherow, for Art Needlework; Miss Trostler, for Gift Shop.

Within two weeks after we publish, a copy of the Storagram will make its appearance in each of our foreign offices, and our buyers will see it there. They will know that their fellow workers at home here are thinking of them and sending them all good wishes for a happy and successful trip!



WHEN *Mr. Edgar and Mr. Oliver Kaufmann were hosts at the indoor horse show at Fox Chapel Farms, "Lough Eagle," won the amateur jumping event. . . . . The editor has been constantly beseiged with demands and requests from fellow-workers throughout the store for a "good riding picture of Mr. E. J. and Mr. O. M." With no little difficulty she finally secured the picture above, in the hope that it may satisfy Storagram readers. Only a moving picture could do justice to a riding event.*

BASEBALL NEWS

Kaufmann's are represented in the C. & I. League. This league consists of Kaufmann's, Joseph Horne Company, Gimbel Brothers, Rosenbaum's, Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburgh Coal Company, Oswald & Hess, Union Stock Company.

At present, Kaufmann's are in fourth place, with four losses and two victories. This is a good record when one considers that this is the first season for an All-Kaufmann Team. The majority of instiitions in this league have played nines previous seasons. With the team rounding into shape, and the weather beginning to get warmer, Coach "Lefty" Levenson expects to see his boys start climbing in the league standing.

Seen From the Bench

One had only to see the Y. M. H. A.-Kaufmann game to know why millions of Americans are baseball crazy. Talk about see-saw—say, that game was a corker. First Kaufmann's were in the lead, then the Y. Again Kaufmann's forged ahead. The game ended in a 11-11 tie. Anybody wanting to get a hearty laugh is requested to see the next performance of the Y. M. H. A.-Kaufmann feud. Watch for date on Bulletin Board.

When it comes to a crackerjack fielding first baseman, boy! page Sammy (Lefty Grimm) Goldstein. When this boy gets his batting eye, opposing pitchers, beware.

Freddy Shademan, smiling captain of the K. O. nine, is a sweet ball player. This boy can step with the best third baseman in this section. Coach Levenson would not trade him for Traynor.

There is a rumor floating around that Manager Conaby is going to trade one of our star catchers to the Y. M. H. A. for a broken bat and a dozen used baseballs. Up to the present writing, this is only an unconfirmed rumor.

Johnny (Run-a-mile) Droshek, the center fielder, is about the best ball playing outfielder in the circuit. This boy can do everything—hit, field, run, and go far, wide and handsome to catch any ball hit in his direction. Keep your eyes on this boy—he's a comer.

Many Score High in Wrappers' Contest

A STORE-WIDE contest among the wrappers and wrapper-cashiers was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 15th and 16th. The judges were the floor superintendents, one judging the desks on some floor other than his own. The wrappers were rated upon neatness of their packages, on good housekeeping at the desks, on the business-like appearance of themselves, on the economical use of supplies. Forty-eight desks were visited and judged in the contest. And of this number, thirty-one desks rated 100 per cent. To narrow the contest, Mr. Minnick acted as supreme court judge on a subsequent day, and of the one-hundred-percenters, the four wrappers whose pictures are shown here were found to be outstanding winners.

THIRTY-ONE RATE 100%

Downstairs Store — Alice Robinson, Margaret Herron, Marie Spratt, Martha Schwenning, Laura Newman, Ethel Shefsky, Catherine McQuade, Mary Corsello, Ruth Haynes, Alma Mohr.

Main Floor—Mary Costantino.

Second Floor—Clara Gottz, Adam Sabash, Hildegard Thieret, Florence Unger, Wilma Hediger, Marie Meyer.

Third Floor — Catherine Perkovich, Mary Hillebrand, Alice Burns, Anna Tomko, Cecelia Boyda, Julia Fedor, Margaret Oberst, Mary Lennon.

Fourth Floor — Freda Kline, Mary Gerhold, Mary White, Florence Mock, Betty Schmitt, Mary Conn, Mary Arand.

Fifth Floor—Nellie Martin, Mary Voltz, Katherine Zadac, Ruth Rhay, Philomena Pipilo.

Sixth Floor—Gertrude Butler, Mary Bechtold, Irene Herron, Dolores Knorr, Ella Barngrover, Lilian Rau, Roselle Bachman, Anna Kline, Antoinette Rozenas, Lilian Feist, Edna Pasek, Goldie Wesoky, Anne Patterson, Henrietta Hediger, Margaret Franz, Ruth Wetzel.

Seventh Floor—Mary Reid.

Eleventh Floor—Marie Pritchard.

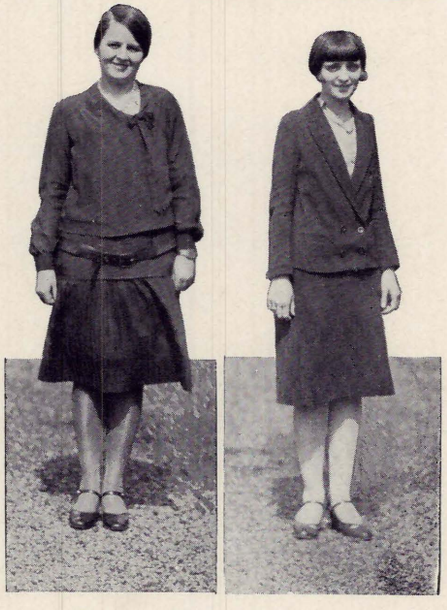
Frieda Klein, Mary Gerhold

THE work done by the young boys and girls in our store is an important cog in the service machine of our business.

Many store owners and executives of today were the Juniors of yesterday.

They listened to their superiors, absorbed knowledge of the store, fitted themselves for higher positions, saw their opportunities, and grasped them.

I know of no institution where Juniors are afforded greater opportunities to climb the ladder of success, than in Kaufmann's. JOSEPH M. MEYERS.



Catherine Perkovich, Mary Reid

Transfers and Promotions Among Juniors

Catherine Pritchard, formerly wrapper in Ladies' Shoes, is now cashier-wrapper in the Children's Underwear Department.

Mary Hellman, who was cashier in the Book Department, is now cashiering in the Credit Office.

Violet Dodson, until recently cashier in the Duchess Shop, is now one of the cashiers in the Tube Room.

Mary Bechtold, who was wrapper in the House Dresses, is now wrapper in the Blanket Department.

John Melvin Daniel, the accommodating package boy of the seventh floor, has left that position to join the packers in the seventh floor packing room.

Bon Voyage, Miss Hinks!

Miss Caroline Hinks, training supervisor for wrappers and cashiers, left on the Tuscania, June 15th, for a vacation abroad. She will visit England, France, the Pyrenees, the Austrian Tyrol, Vienna and Budapest.

All the Juniors and her other associates wish her much happiness throughout her interesting trip.

Summer

"Tell all the world that summer's here again,
That white clouds voyage through a sky so still
With blue tranquillity, it seems to hang
On windless tapestry, from hill to hill."

HARRY KEMP.

FREE LEGAL ADVICE TO KAUFMANN FELLOW WORKERS

The services of the Legal Aid Bureau, conducted by the Kaufmann Employees Beneficial Association, are at your disposal every Wednesday and Saturday morning, from 9 to 10 A. M. Mr. Amdur, the attorney for the Legal Aid Bureau, has his office on the tenth floor. There is no charge for his advice.

"The Silence Room"—A New 13th Floor Feature

THE old recreation room has moved over to join the Library and the Tulip Room, and in its place we have "The Silence Room." If it is properly used—that is, if everyone conscientiously follows the gentle reminders for "SILENCE" printed on those little framed signs—this should be a real haven of rest for those who feel the need of just that. A little period of complete rest and relaxation at noon, or during the relief periods, will be found very beneficial. At the rear of the room are twelve couches, with their immaculate slip covers. This section is screened for privacy, but the screens do not keep out the chatter of those who are occupying the big, deeply upholstered davenports and wing chairs. It is therefore necessary for the people in this section of the room, as well as those stretched out on the couches, to maintain silence. There are plenty of current magazines for those who like to read while they rest. For those who feel more socially inclined, there is the Recreation Room adjoining the Tulip Room, where you can play the piano, sing, chatter and laugh to your heart's content.

KAUFMANN'S FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS OF GROWTH

(Concluded from Page 26)

In 1913 the last physical changes were made in Kaufmann's, Fifth Avenue. But note—we say "physical changes," for a store which is alert to the trend of the times, as this store is, grows daily in tone and spirit. Woven into the warp and woof of this business are integrity and vision and unbounded enterprise. The ideals that brought success to the young founders of this business still guide Kaufmann's, Fifth Avenue. As Pittsburgh develops, our store develops. We see all the world increasingly alert to better things. As those four young founders of this business had the vision to see a great city come where there was but a town in the '70's, Kaufmann's today sees a great era ahead, for these are mighty times in which we live! And Kaufmann's today, the sponsor of art in industry, reflects the progressive spirit of these times.

New Books in Our Library

I Am a Woman and a Jew	by Leah Morton
The Fear of Living	by Bordeaux
Wild Geese	by Ostenso
Sweepings	by Cohen
The Private Life of Helen of Troy	by Erskine
A Good Woman	by Bromfield
The Revolt of Youth	by Judge Lindsay
Zelda Marsh	by Charles Norris
Death Comes for the Archbishop	by Willa Cather
Barberry Bush	by Norris
East Side, West Side	by Reisenberg
The Canary Murder Case	by Van Dine
Resurrection	by Tolstoi
The Story of Philosophy	by Durant
The Bridge of San Luis Rey	by Wilder
Trader Horn	by Horn
What Can a Man Believe	by Bruce Barton
"We"	by Lindbergh
Influencing Human Behavior	by Overstreet
Her Son's Wife	by Canfield-Fisher
Nevada	by Grey
The Crimson Flower	by Lutz
Claire Ambler	by Tarkington
The Gooseman	by Wasserman
The Growth of the Soil	by Hamsun
Lights Up	by Richmond
Wings	by Sanders
Seventh Heaven	by Strong
My Best Girl	by Norris

CHANGING TRENDS IN HOME FURNISHING FASHIONS

(Concluded from Page 12)

whose doorways were not filled with the ubiquitous grille from which hung the rope or beaded portieres.

You may recall the husky, and barren so-called mission furniture, and the vogue for period rooms, which resulted in the conversion of a home into a quasi-museum, probably filled with poor replicas of some historic style, totally out of sympathy with the architectural requirements and the social atmosphere. This sort of thing simply demonstrated the perverted taste of the day, and showed the lack of a cultivated discrimination on the part of those who indulged in it.

The past half century has witnessed a remarkable progress in civilization's advancement in every direction notably in the field of science, mechanical achievements, and social welfare. Although the art under discussion has not remained stationary, in the practice of it we have not sufficiently used our power of self assertion, we have not yet conceived a way to express fully our altered mental attitude. Our knowledge of the past has made us diffident, we have preferred to travel the beaten path. Now, however, there are signs of a courageous independence and an inclination to force through the maze of established precedents which so far have enslaved us.

We have only to look at many of our civic buildings or our sky-scrapers in which the national wealth, and indomitable energy are most admirably typified, in order to convince ourselves that a great change is taking place. Their definite and clean-cut contours suggest a clarity of vision.

The rooms furnished in the Modern manner on the eleventh floor of Kaufmann's store, give a very good idea of how attractive a home may be made in this thoroughly expressive-of-the-times style.

A large number of progressive decorators and furniture manufacturers realize the splendid possibilities of the Modern Style, and are doing laudable pioneering work in drawing the public's attention to them.

THIS *reprint from an old French magazine tells the same old fashion story of the conflict of the new and the old. The most advanced in fashion remark upon the quaintness of the old-fashioned; the latter exclaim in horror at the ridiculous appearance of the former.*

FIRST FLOOR NEWS

The Jewelry and Silverware Departments say they are all set to carry off the Anniversary prize for highest percent of increase over quota. They think this will be the best piece of news they could possibly send to their buyer, Mr. Albright, who is now abroad on a buying trip.

The Jewelry Department welcomes back Miss Moneypenny after an illness that kept her away for ten weeks.

Mr. Rosenberg, buyer of Men's Hats, has everyone pepped up to win that Bear Run prize trip. If anyone can spread more enthusiasm about Bear Run—and men's hats—we'd like to meet them.

Mr. Montgomery flew from Mayer Field, in Bridgeville, to Washington, D. C., on Decoration Day. But adventure is no new thing to Mr. Montgomery. He saw service in France during the World War, and he has also seen some good service at Kelly Field.

Mr. Harold Braverman has great plans for exploring the wilds of Canada and Maine during his vacation.

Messrs. Hare, Hook and Bradford complain of missing those show rehearsals and are praying for the year to roll by in a hurry and bring next year's show again.

The Men's Furnishing Department welcomes Mr. Donovan, a new member of the store family.

Mr. Albert Gum is receiving congratulations upon his recent marriage.

Mr. Alan Leaf can tell you more about men's collars—their shapes and sizes and styles, and the shapes and sizes and styles of men who should wear this or that style of collar, than anyone we ever heard on the subject.

Mr. Girvian Brown, who played the nihilist in "The Red Widow," has carried his theatrical success still farther. He recently took the house by storm in Olympic Studio's show at the Gayety.

The Men's Furnishing Department wish to thank the extra salespeople who helped to make "June the Month of Roses" go over big in that department.

We are all glad to have Mr. Powers back with us after his trip abroad and his subsequent sick spell. We hope he will soon be feeling entirely well.

We hear a lot about the charms of Beechview from Mr. Hook, Mr. Hare and the rest of the "Kaufmann settlement" out there.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Miss Elvira McConnell, of the Silverware Department, upon the recent death of her brother who died as the result of an automobile accident.

The Travel Bureau on the balcony wishes to remind all fellow workers that it is at their service to plan vacations.

We, of the main floor, are feeling very proud and happy to have been hosts to the big crowds that attended the great mass meeting at the unveiling of the tablet. We still have to answer many questions about it and it gives us a thrill of pride to pass on the information to all inquirers.

FOURTH FLOOR

The Misses' Coat Department has just been counting up and wishes to report that four of their number have been married within the last eight months. They are: Miss Mildred Edlis, Miss Dorothy McIntyre, Miss Maude Bean, Miss Mary Francis. Our hearty good wishes to all these brides!

Mrs. Finley, who was formerly Miss Beck, buyer of Ladies' Suits, takes this means of saying goodbye to her many friends and associates here at the store. She is retiring from the work which she has carried on so successfully for a number of years, to keep house in Finleyville. She and Dr. Finley extend a hearty invitation to all her fellow workers to visit them in their home there.

We are glad to hear that Miss Elizabeth Britt, of the Ladies' Coat Department, who has been seriously ill in the Mercy Hospital, is on the road to recovery.

Miss Marie Kraffe, of the Misses' Dress Department, has left for a trip to Europe to visit her old home. We all send best wishes for a fine trip.

THE *editor gratefully acknowledges her indebtedness to* MISS JANE FALES, *head of the department of Costume Economics at Carnegie Institute of Technology, for the loan of rare and original fashion plates which were used for the cuts on pages three, four, six and nine of this magazine.*

FLOOR COVERING DEPARTMENT

Instead of trying to keep the wrappers and cashiers of the ninth floor in line, Mary Libbon will soon be managing a home and a husband. Good luck, Mary!

We may lose another desk girl soon. It is rumored that Earl Carroll has his telescopic eye on Daisy Gibbs.

Another sensational rumor is that Manager Joe Gabriel of the Pirates is trying out Sam Waters and Sam Dreyfuss as battery mates.

We wonder if the Bell Telephone Co. couldn't invent some sort of portable telephone for Mr. Reinard so he could plug it in and 'phone from wherever he may be at the moment.

"Doc" Dougherty is welcomed back to the department after a two months' sojourn in sunny California. "Doc" is back on the old schedule—leaving Steubenville each day at 4 a. m. so he can reach the store in time to start back to work.

Selma Fleming married Howard Murtha May 12th. She is still with us in the Bookkeeping Department. Selma made a lovely spring bride attired in blue.

Wedding Gifts Presented

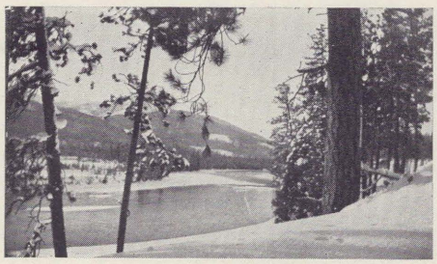
According to a long established practice, Kaufmann's presented wedding gifts to the following fellow-workers who have been with us for five years or more and who have recently married: Eloise Wearing, now Mrs. Henry Richell; Bertha Voelker, now Mrs. H. A. Weinheimer; Mary Ochenreider, now Mrs. C. A. Bowden; Ruth Bigelow, now Mrs. C. Patterson; Edith Marshall, now Mrs. Charles Leonard; Mary Solomon, now Mrs. B. Zelomek; Edith Evans, now Mrs. Jacob Pfarr; Eleanor Pottmeyer, now Mrs. Lawrence Langer.

Miss Mildred Robb, Mr. Paley's secretary, is now Mrs. Fred Ludin. Congratulations and all good wishes!

We welcome Miss Conway to the Toilet Goods Department and hope she will enjoy her work with us.

Miss Christine Gazzam, who checks toilet goods on the twelfth floor, is having a fine time in California.

Miss Mary Elk, we wish to announce, has a middle name. It is Service. She deserves a lot of credit for the excellent service she gives the department.



Kaufmann's and the Continental Divide

WHAT have Kaufmann's to do with the rim of the world—that peak of the mountains 'way out in Montana, which in your old geography is marked "Continental Divide?" All the way from Troy, Montana, on the Continental Divide, comes a letter from Mrs. Ralph Wickham, enclosing the interesting picture you see here. Mrs. Wickham has for some time been shopping at Kaufmann's through the personal service of our "Ann Adams." Greetings, Mrs. Wickham! We hope you will come to Pittsburgh sometime.

WALKING

There are still a few of us who enjoy taking long country walks. Especially those who take delight in the mountain trails around Bear Run will understand what John Burroughs meant when he said: "You are eligible for any good fortune when you are in the condition to enjoy a walk. When the air and the water taste sweet to you, how much else tastes sweet! When the exercise of your limbs affords you pleasure, and the play of your senses upon the various objects of nature quickens and stimulates your spirit, your relation to the world and to yourself is what it should be—simple, direct, wholesome. The mood in which you set out on a spring or autumn ramble or a sturdy winter walk is the mood in which your best thoughts and impulses come to you, or in which you might embark upon any noble and heroic enterprise. Life is sweet in such moods; the universe is complete, and there is no failure or imperfection anywhere!"

Jemima, at the zoo, saw a zebra for the first time. "Rastus," she said, "what kind uv a animal am dat?"

Rastus also gazed in much perplexity and awe. He had never seen one before, either. "Why, Jem, dat ere are a sport model jackass!"—*Watchman-Examiner.*

FIFTH FLOOR NEWS

Miss Gray's fellow workers extend their sympathy upon the recent death of her mother and the serious illness of her sister.

Miss Walsh, formerly of the Art Wares Section, is welcomed to the Lamp Department.

Miss Metz, of the Lamp Department, has announced her engagement. Best wishes are heaped upon her.

Miss Sobaski is welcomed back to the cashier's desk after her illness.

The reporter reports that there is no news in the Shoe Department but style—and style and more style! Take a walk through fashion's fairway, there, and over the "Adoria Isles," and see these new shoe styles for yourself!

Miss Grimes was pleasantly surprised one evening recently when her friends went to her home and showered gifts. Everyone enjoyed the strawberry short cake.

We are all glad to have Mr. Price back again after his long absence.

ART—AND HATS

There's a poet in the Millinery Department who says that, unlike the feline lovers that Chancellor Bowman spoke of who "sing the same song in the same way," discriminate buying can tell the same story of style in hats in many new and different ways. Each chapeau is a fascinating and an individual expression of style. But here's the poet's rendering of that tale:

There are hats for the matron
And hats for the maid.
Large or small models
Of hemp, straw or braid,
Balibuntl or flet or lovely baku—
There's sure to be one mode
Designed just for you.
Amusing, alluring, chic or petite—
The hat that will make
Your ensemble complete.
For sport, dress or travel
Each hat plays its part.
You will find our selection
The last word in art!

N. COWAN, Millinery Department

The old-fashioned girl certainly knew how to get a dinner. The modern girl does, too, but she uses a different method. —*Judge.*

Display Contest Brings Prizes to 32

THE store-wide Display Contest, brought every square foot of every department in this store under the scrutiny of judges on June 5th. A series of rhyming teasers on the floor bulletin boards has been reminding fellow workers for some time that the "judges were coming"—but no one knew when. They came, they saw, they judged, and many won high rating. In fact the following departments were rated EXCELLENT: Rugs, Furs, Books, Pianos, Records, Buttons, Ribbons, Pictures, Stationery, Men's Hats, Sheet Music, Men's Gloves, Rubber Goods, Piano Benches, Oriental Rugs, Ladies' Hosiery, Summer Furniture, Bedroom Furniture, Living Room Furniture, Dining Room Furniture.

In order to determine just which of all these high-score departments should be the final winners and get the Bear Run trip as their rightful prize, there had to be a drawing. The above listed departments sent one representative each. Mr. Meyers drew.

Stationery, Rugs, Piano Benches Win Trip To Bear Run

Yes, they're lucky! Thirty-two fellow-workers comprising the staffs of these three departments will be the guests of the store at Bear Run for a week-end, at a time agreed upon by the guests.

Judges Commended Many Departments

We feel that the rating and comments delivered by the judges were of particular interest and value to all of us because these were all busy people of affairs in Pittsburgh who acted as judges in the Display Contest, and not being members of the store family, they brought the customer viewpoint on the subject. Aside from the twenty-one departments that they rated EXCELLENT, many other departments throughout the store rated high and a large number were very favorably commented upon for originality, orderliness, artistic effect and other desirable points in display. The judges who so kindly gave their time and services on this occasion—and to whom we feel deeply indebted—are the following:

Mr. Robert Chilton, Mr. Roy Jansen, Mr. Howard Carroll, Mr. Kay Barr, Mr. Jack Sollum, Mrs. Carl Cosolowsky, Prof. Frederic White, Mrs. Florence Fisher Parry, Mr. John A. Price, Mr. James Boudreau, Prof. V. P. C. Clayter, Miss Anna Belle Craig, Miss Margaret Lee, Prof. Elmer Stephan, Mrs. Stephan Goodale, Mrs. O. D. Robinson, Mrs. John B. McKirdy, Mr. Arthur Edrop, Mrs. Dean Harvey, Mrs. R. H. Schaffer, Dr. James H. Greene, Dr. David Craig, Miss Fredonia Jane Ringo, Miss Natalie Kneeland, Miss Bess Cheney, Miss Grace Ely, Miss Esther M. Hawes.

Aids (students of Retail Research Bureau): Miss Margurite McLennahan, Miss Miriam Whittemore, Miss Helen Fitzwater, Miss Viola Wolfe, Miss Florence Warfield, Miss Jane Spencer, Miss Julia John, Miss Thelma Johnson, Miss Vivian Williams, Miss Alice Mott, Miss Sadye Lefcowitz, Miss Catherine Stone.

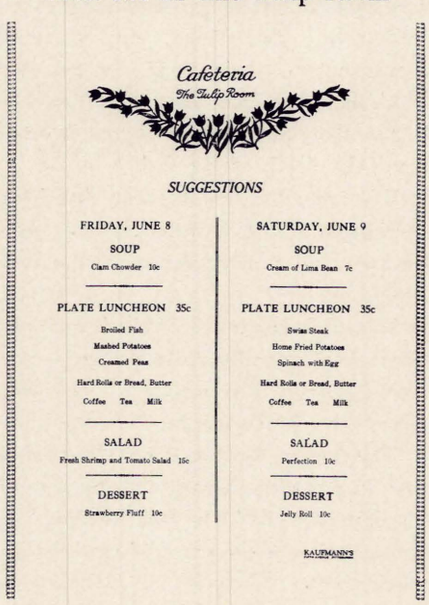
NINTH FLOOR

A large bouquet of gaudy imitation flowers, together with a eulogy and a speech appropriate to the occasion were presented to Mrs. Miller of the Curtain Department. Mr. Miles, Mr. Crock and Mr. Cornell all participated in the programme. The occasion? Mrs. Miller's pet dog had died!

Don't rush, girls. Hold back! Dick Elvis, the soldier-lover of "The Red Widow," is now on our floor, in the Rug Department.

We welcome back Mary Lou, of the Linoleum Department, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident several months ago. She has completely recovered and we are all happy to have her with us again.

"Meet Me In The Tulip Room"



FRIENDS of Mrs. Hale, formerly buyer of Art Needlework, will be glad to see this picture of her, taken in her lovely home in Glendale, California. Mr. and Mrs. Hale are finding California a land of never ending delights. Still, we rather think Mrs. Hale must miss her girls here. We notice she sends her linens all the way from California to Kaufmann's to have them marked! This issue of the Storagram will carry best wishes to Mrs. Hale from her many friends here.

FIFTH FLOOR

The girls of the Art Needlework Department all miss their buyer, Mrs. Wetherow, who is abroad on a buying trip, and they wish her much success and happiness throughout her trip.

Mr. Brautigam's many friends and associates in the Art Needlework are heartily sorry to lose him, but, at the same time, they extend to him their congratulations upon his promotion. They welcome Mr. Keller, the new floor man for their department.

Miss Walker leaves us this month to be married and keep house in a cute little home of her own.

Helen Jacobs is feeling blue since the close of Duquesne University. Wonder why?

The Art Needlework Department can pretty nearly tell you who are the prospective brides in the store. How do they know? Because the girls all flock to this department for the dainty new things for their homes as well as for their personal use.

Squad Leader: "I heard the battalion commander call you a blockhead. Is that correct?"

Blebe: "No, sir, he didn't make it that strong. He just said, 'Pull down your cap, here comes a woodpecker'."

—*Exchange.*

The Story of the Anniversary Windows

EACH year our anniversary reminds us anew of our own growth and development. There is something dramatic and thrilling about the memory of our own small beginning and the contrast which it presents with our great organization today. We are conscious always of the fact that our own growth is linked up with the growth of Pittsburgh and, in fact, with the development of the nation. Accordingly, it seems a fitting Anniversary celebration to present to the people of Pittsburgh a series of historical scenes, recalling dramatic and significant events in the thrilling story of our nation's growth.

Many of these scenes have already been immortalized in paintings. Kaufmann's secured photostats or prints of these paintings and sent them to a studio abroad where a skilled artist created the little three-foot figures for the tableaux. Each of the ten windows extending along Smithfield Street, furnishes a setting for one of these historical tableaux. The background, the clothes and accessories, the coloring and the features of the little figures are all true to the famous originals. These remarkable little figures were many months in the making. Quietly, in a little mountain town across the ocean, a skilled artist shaped these figures. We have a thrill of excitement each year as the great Anniversary windows are unveiled, and we are proud to share them with all the people of Pittsburgh. Many a youngster has had some big historical fact indelibly impressed upon his young mind through these tableaux.

EIGHTH FLOOR NEWS

With deep sorrow we announce the death of our old associate, Mr. Harry P. Barnes. He had been highly regarded by all his associates here for many years and he is greatly missed.

The men from the Furniture Department were a peppy bunch at the Smoker. They're in favor of having another affair like that—and soon!

Miss Betty Bush, of the Credit Department, has announced her engagement and is receiving congratulations and all good wishes.

Miss Anna Mixie, of the Credit Department, is ill in Mercy Hospital. Best wishes go to her for a speedy recovery.

Miss Agnes Hutchinson, of the Credit Department, was married recently to Mr. Robert Fisher. Best wishes, Mrs. Fisher!

Mrs. Fluke, recently of the Victrola Department, is welcomed to her new position as saleswoman on the furniture floor.

Mr. Linder offers another notable example of a great thinker and a great hustler who was likewise a great walker. This man was lame, too—lame from childhood, and still a great walker. Who was it? "Sir Walter Scott," says Mr. Linder, "always declared that he found mental stimulus in walking."

SIXTH FLOOR NEWS

Miss McGarry, of the Silk Department, entertained the girls of her department recently. A delicious dinner was served and every one reports a happy time.

Mrs. McDonald was entertained by the girls of her department before she left for her buying trip abroad. She was presented with a beautiful traveling bag and all her girls heaped good wishes for a good trip upon her.

Miss Alyce Armstron, of the Bedspread Department, is now Mrs. Woods. Her associates wish her much happiness.

The Silk and Dress Goods Departments extend their sympathy to Miss Hilda Schmidt upon the recent death of her mother; and to Mrs. Agnes Roberts upon the death of her father.

We are all happy to hear that Mrs. Wright, of the Silk Department, is well on the road to recovery after a severe illness.

Miss Eckblad is one of the boostingest boosters of Bear Run. According to her, that "neck of the woods" is the only place for a real vacation.

The buyers on the sixth floor, gave Mr. Harry Mohr a handsome present on the last night of "The Red Widow," in appreciation of the splendid work he did in the play.

Encouraging Letters

Washington, Penna.
June 2nd, 1928

General Manager,
KAUFMANN'S,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Dear Sir:

June the first Mr. David Tyrnauer came to my residence to place a new power unit in my radio. Arriving after five o'clock, this gentleman installed the unit, checked entire unit and answered my questions very courteously, even as late as it was.

My radio is working much better than ever before, and this service of Mr. Tyrnauer was too good and freely given to be overlooked.

Please let Mr. Tyrnauer know how thankful I am to him, and the service rendered by THE BIG STORE.

A satisfied customer,
A. D. MASTERS.

TOKYO, JAPAN
April 12th, 1928

MR. JOSEPH M. MEYERS
Kaufmann Dept. Store
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Sir:

I wish to express my best thanks of your kind instructions and deep sympathies shown to me while I was there in your place to study your system.

I am here again in Japan and dreaming of my pleasant trip in your country.

Thanking of your courtesies shown to me and hoping to see you again some day here in Japan.

Sincerely yours,
Y. ONO.

June 5, 1928

My dear Mr. Kaufmann:

I have just returned from the display contest, and wish to express to you how greatly I was impressed by the Kaufmann Department Store—its personnel, its merchandise, and its appearance. It was a real pleasure to engage in such an illuminating experience, and I feel that my gratitude belongs to you for permitting me the opportunity of realizing the magnitude and excellence of your stores.

Very sincerely yours,
FLORENCE FISHER PARRY

Recent Transfers *and* Promotions

Name	*From Dept.*	*Position*	*To Dept.*	*Position*
Anna Weber	Auditing	Chg. Refigurer	Shopping Bureau	Clerk
Elizabeth Degenkolb	Auditing	Clerk	Statistical	Clerk
Marie K. Reamer	S. Contingent	Sales	Budget	Hostess
Emma Schmidt	N. Contingent	Cashier-Wrapper	Accounts Payable	Messenger
Marcella Freehauf	General	Inspector	Service Desk	Clerk
Joanna Witt	Children's Dresses	Sales	Children's Dresses	Sales & Asst. Buyer
Barbara Sullivan	Drug Dept.	Stock	Sanitary Goods	Sales
Ethel Petroni	Children's Downstairs	Sales	Child—Downstairs	Sales & Asst. Buyer
Anna Sedlak	S. Contingent	Sales	Underwear Downstairs	Sales
Marie Vollmer	S. Contingent	Sales	Millinery Workroom	Sewing
Ethel Hargest	Mail & Stenographic	Stenog.	Statistical	Stenog.
Frances Parks	S. Contingent	Sales	Sewing Machine	Sales
Rose Miller	S. Contingent	Sales	T. Contingent	Sales
Pearl Leming	S. Contingent	Sales	Ladies' Gowns	Sales
Hilda Emge	Downstairs Ladies Gowns	Sales	Candy Dept.	Sales & Asst.
Barbara Schulz	Laundry	Flat Ironer	Laundry	Seamstress
Daisy Masiker	C.O.D. Auditing	Clerk	Statistical	Comptometer Operator
William Stafford	Restaurant	Buss Boy	Restaurant	Waiter
Stephen Biss	Supt. Office	Secretary	Credit Office	Credit Man
Wm. E. Blackburn	Rug Dept.	Sales	Gloves & Leather Gds.	Floorman
Anna Baranek	S. Contingent	Sales	Men's Alteration	Matcher
Catherine Sahr	T. Contingent	Sales	Toilet Goods	Sales
Josephine Gerlowski	T. Contingent	Sales	Toilet Goods	Sales
Mary B. Baker	S. Contingent	Sales	T. Contingent	Sales
Bessie Simon	S. Contingent	Sales	T. Contingent	Sales
Elizabeth Marsh	Ladies Dresses	Sales	Ladies' Dresses	Sales & Asst. Buyer
Walter Patross	N. Contingent	Stock	Men's Furnishings	Sales
Isaac Gershon	N. Contingent	Stock	N. S. Service Station	Typist
Celia Hughes	S. Contingent	Sales	Millinery Downstairs	Sales
Ann Waggoner	S. Contingent	Sales	Misses' Coats	Sales
Anna Niehaus	S. Contingent	Sales	Millinery	Sales
Marie Crawford	S. Contingent	Sales	Millinery	Sales
Ida Kirch	Bureau of Employment	Reception Clerk	Pillows & Scarfs	Sales & Asst. Buyer
Marguerite Clarke	Advertising	Secretary	Shopping Bureau	Manager
Joseph Hadley	Garage	Mechanic	Garage	Supt. of Garage
George T. Erb	Forbes St. Delivery	Shipping	Forbes St. S.S.	Supt. of Forbes St. Delivery
Raymond Bottorf	North Side Delivery	Shipping	N. S. Service Station	Supt. of Furniture Delivery
Mrs. Florence Baker	Merchandise	Secretary	Advertising	Secretary
Mrs. Helen Repogle	Credit	Cashier	Pictures	Sales
Florence Brasley	Credit	Cashier	Rugs	Sales
Mary Henshaw	S. Contingent	Sales	Inexpensive Dresses	Sales
Marcella Helfrick	S. Contingent	Sales	Toilet Goods	Sales
Elizabeth Murdock	S. Contingent	Sales	Wash Goods	Sales
Mildred Levison	S. Contingent	Sales	Cretonnes	Sales
Dorothy Kiverson	N. Contingent	Clerk	Credit Office	Card Writer
Fan Lichter	S. Contingent	Sales	Rugs	Sales
Mrs. Lillian Torrence	S. Contingent	Sales	Merchandise	Secretary & Stenog.
Mary Mucci	Tea Room	Buss Girl	Tea Room	Waitress
Lydia Metcalf	S. Contingent	Sales	Ladies' Neckwear	Sales
Irene Harrison	Window Shades	Sales	Awning Office	Clerk
Samuel Sigal	Victrola	Repairman	Carpet Workroom	Clerk
Harry Rosenbloom		Package Collector	Rugs	Packer
Margaret McCaffrey	S. Contingent	Sales	Art Needlework	Sales & Head of Stock
Nora Sullivan	S. Contingent	Sales	Children's Hosiery	Sales
Anne Patterson	Training Dept.	Supervisor	Gift Shop	Asst. Buyer
Louise Stephenson	Mail Order	Manager	Furniture	Asst. Buyer
Francis McGonigle	Delivery	Truck Helper	Awnings	Chauffeur
Anna Beck	S. Contingent	Sales	Fur Storage	Clerk
Ocie Defibaugh	S. Contingent	Sales	Fur Storage	Fur Finisher
Amanda Freyvogel	N. Contingent	Clerk	Telephone Service	Operator
Dorothy Randall	Furniture	Model Apt. Hostess	Advertising	Copy Writer
Raymond Brautigan	Art Needlework	Floorman	Floor Supt.	
John M. Stilts	Furniture Delivery	Helper	Furniture Delivery	Chauffeur
Corrine Bauer	Mailing & Stenographic	Typist	Fur Storage	Stenog.
Richard Elvis	Victrola	Repairman	Rugs	Sales

The STORAGRAM

57th Anniversary

1871 KAUFMANN'S 1928

FIFTH AVENUE PITTSBURGH, PA.